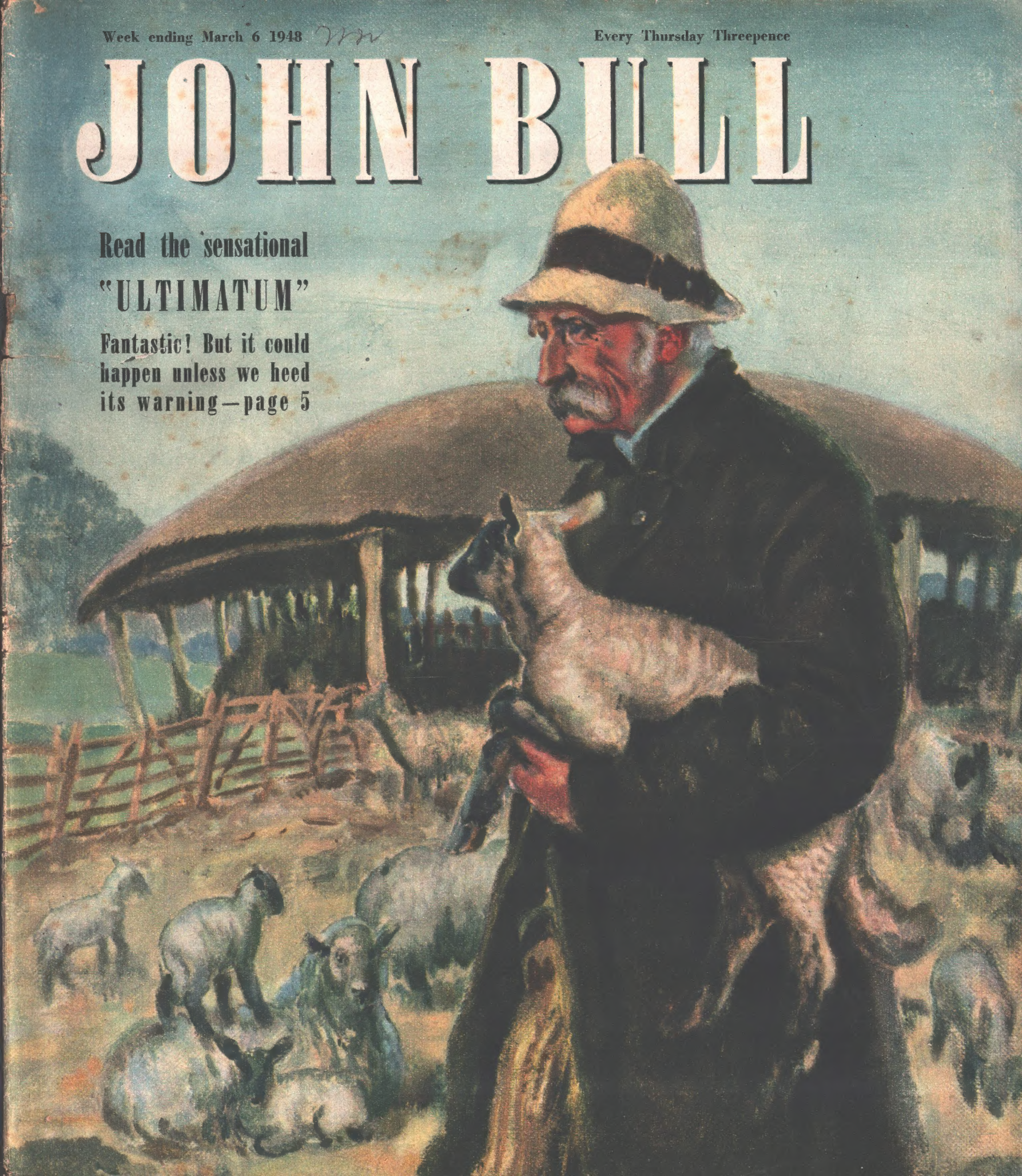
Week ending March 6 1948 VIII Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



Read the sensational "ULTIMATUM"

Fantastic! But it could happen unless we heed its warning—page 5

fight the crisis with SAVINGS

What's wrong with keen saving anyway? It's good for us all and good for our country, too. So let's get cracking with every sixpence and shilling we can muster. Ten shillings buys a Savings Certificate that becomes 13/- tax free in ten years—no bad bargain! And the maximum holding is a thousand certificates. Buy them through your Bank or from any Post Office or Savings Group.

SAVE THE BANK WAY

Your Bank will tell you about a new simple way of buying National Savings Certificates —either single purchase or regular investment, operated free of charge to customers.

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delicious coffee!
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PRIORY COFFEE

Obtainable only in ¼ lb. tins

When milk is short . . .

Weetabix is just as delicious with jam, marmalade, stewed fruit or a savoury

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

Prices: 8½d. Large size 1/3. Sold everywhere. Supplies limited.
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What you get out of life

depends largely upon what you put into it. What you get out of the teapot depends entirely on what you put into it.
Make sure of getting the tea you prefer.

Brooke Bond Dividend Tea

1'9d-½-lb.

To make good tea:—
(1) Thoroughly warm the teapot
(2) Put in the required amount of tea according to taste
(3) Pour on *freshly* boiling water
(4) Allow to stand four minutes before pouring, and first pour milk in the cup.

All eyes on the girl with the *magnesia smile*! Such sparkling white teeth. Such healthy pink gums. Such sweet breath. Only Phillip's Dental Magnesia can give you that magnesia smile because only this toothpaste contains *"Milk of Magnesia' which many dentists advise for neutralizing harmful mouth acids.

1/6 per tube Extra large 2/6

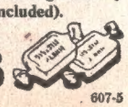
* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

Ned's ACID STOMACH

Ned's tum was acid as the deuce;
It felt like demons on the loose.
"Just suck two Rennies" Ned's wife said,
"And soon you'll find the pain has fled.
Their alkalizing five-fold action
Restores to meals their old attraction."
Wise Ned did just as he was told
And now his tum's as good as gold!

THE miseries of an upset stomach—pain after meals, heaviness, the feeling that nothing's worth while—are almost always due to *excess acid*. Quick relief comes from sucking two Rennies tablets, one-by-one, like sweets. Rennies have a five-fold action which neutralizes acid stomachs, brings back well-being. They are separately wrapped, convenient for handbag or pocket, and can be taken anywhere, at any time, without the need for water, glass or spoon. If two Rennies don't speedily end stomach-pain you should see your doctor. Rennies can be had from any chemist, 25 for 9d, or the big economy size—100 for 2/8 (tax included).

DIGESTIF
RENNIES



607-5

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BRYLCREEM

gives the roots a chance

Keep the roots active and you will keep your hair! Massage Brylcreem well into the scalp with the tips of your fingers by an action that moves the scalp on the skull. Brylcreem's tonic effects will encourage the hair's own natural oils to function more efficiently—'Dry' hair, 'Tight' scalp, thinning hair and dandruff become things of the past. Brylcreem your hair today.

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MARCH 6, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2175

Saving and Spending

A LOT OF DANGEROUS NONSENSE is being talked about the saving and spending of money. The bad advice of: "It's no use saving, because your money will soon be worth less and less" is spreading fast.

Unfortunately, far too many people are adopting this stupid idea—and it is the one thing which, if everybody acted on it, would be absolutely sure to make our wages and incomes worth less and less.

It's time we got this saving and spending business quite clear and straight.

First, nearly all of us have some savings, even if only in the form of income tax post-war credits or a few pounds in the Post Office. Secondly, we are, therefore, self-interested in making these savings, however small, worth at least what we put into them.

The only sure way to achieve this is to do the very opposite of what the scare-mongers tell us. Now is the time, not to spend recklessly, but to keep on saving—as hard as we can.

The less money we spend on inessentials, the quicker will prices come down and the more valuable our savings will be. Moreover, in the process we will gain as a nation by reducing the price of our exports, which will make it easier to trade them for the food and raw materials we must have to avoid a starvation diet and maintain our industries.

The less we save the higher prices will soar; the less valuable our savings will become, so that, nationally, we will eventually run straight into bankruptcy.

It should not be difficult to make the effort. A little more abstention for a little longer by us all and we'll reap rich rewards.

It's simply a case of long-term self-interest being better than short-term dissipation. So let's forget the jeremiahs and from now on save hard, and think twice before spending our money on non-essentials. Prices will soon topple if we don't buy wildly.

Overdue Reforms

TWO NEGLECTED BUT VITAL classes of workers seem set for a better deal.

First, the nurses. The Minister of Health is studying both his own Working Party's report and the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals' report on the nurses' conditions of work.

As a result, he is likely to grant them a higher status and better food, as well as taking the strongest possible measures to relax the tyrannical discipline which has been one of their bugbears.

It is at last accepted that women nowadays won't put up with the bad old ways of hospital matrons and managements. There is a grave shortage of nurses, and we must have new recruits. So overdue reforms are to be launched.

We congratulate the nurses on their approaching emancipation. They've earned it.

The other workers about to benefit are merchant seamen, whom everybody praises in wartime but takes for granted in peace.

Important agreements affecting seamen were reached at the International Labour Conference in 1946. Those agreements are embodied in the Merchant Shipping Bill now before Parliament.

Among its provisions are better food and cooking aboard ship, and better maintenance for sick and injured men.

Britain, as usual, carries out honestly an international agreement which results in genuine reform. She must watch vigilantly to ensure that other countries do the same.

In the past, conditions in British ships, if not always good, have been much better than those of some other nations.

Thus, by saving at their crews' expense, foreign shipowners have been enabled to undercut our rates. When the present world shortage of ships passes, that evil may recur. So we must use all our influence to make sure that every nation which signed the seamen's conventions in 1946 does actually carry them out.

Houses in a Hurry

NEW HOUSES KEEP GOING UP at a steady pace—a pace well below what we would like, but still, under current conditions, not too bad when one looks at the totals.

But examination of the latest figures shows strangely divergent performances in different localities. The rate of building has been unaccountably slow in some places; commendably fast in others.

From a number of good performances we pick Gosport, the 50,000-population town which is a close neighbour of Portsmouth. Since VJ-Day Gosport has put up some 1,300 new houses, almost 700 of them permanent dwellings. Few other towns of equal or bigger size have approached or bettered this rate of building.

What is the secret of this performance? It is that the Gosport housing authorities tackled the job with energy and enthusiasm.

Forethought, drive and ability is giving Gosport families houses faster than most. If one town can do it, so can plenty of others. And although Whitehall may prod the dilatory places, the real remedy lies with the chief sufferers—the public.

What is the housing record of your own council—good, bad or indifferent? Have you ever made it your business to find out, either in your own interests or for the sake of the homeless people in your district?

If not, you should certainly do so. And should you find that your council is one of the defaulters, you could spur them to action by joining with other local residents in a letter of protest—and following that up, if necessary, with the ultimate "sanction" of voting against laggard Councillors.

Muffing Our Film Chance

WHAT'S WRONG WITH the British film industry? Why isn't it taking the great chance offered by the American film ban to grab what should be its own home market?

The truth is beginning to come out.

The fact is that our commercial producers have learnt only one way to make films—and they learned it from Hollywood. It is time they invented a way of their own.

For the Hollywood way takes unlimited money and time, huge payrolls, costly publicity methods and a multitude of unproductive hangers-on.

A fantastic record of waste and extravagance, at the expense first of backers and shareholders and then of the public, disfigures the history of British film-making.

At present the City, which puts up most of the big money for British films, is holding back. For once, it cannot be blamed. It is not convinced that many of the men now managing film companies are likely to earn an honest return on capital.

Better management, more creative brains, fewer parasites, and less reliance on inane glamour—that is the recipe for a great and thriving British film industry.

HONEYBUNCH, THE CAT, AND THE GOLDFISH

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

So grateful—so genial—so GOOD

"Jane, my niece, envies me my ACME!"

says Mrs. Price

"But I tell her — wait till yours turns up. I've had mine *years* and my washes have been admired (*and* envied) from the first time I used it. But what with six years of not making Acmes, and all these shortages of the things they make them with, it's not surprising they can't supply everyone yet. And I hear Acmes are out for "fair do's" for housewives—it doesn't matter what place you live in, you have just the same chance of getting one as they're made. I tell my niece, 'You'll never beat an Acme or come near to it! Don't ever think a second-best will do. Just go on waiting—the best's worth waiting for!'"

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The Man's Polish

Outdoor men rely on WREN'S Shoe Polish

A 'Wren' shine stays smart all day, keeps shoes comfortable and waterproof.

In all weathers—use WREN'S

TINS 4d. & 8d.

BY APPOINTMENT WM. WREN LTD. WATFORD.

BLACK, LIGHT BROWN, DARK TAN

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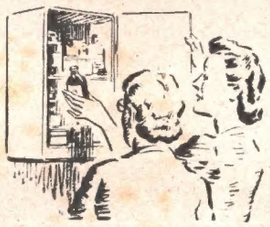
MAKERS OF THE FIRST WAX SHOE POLISH

The family stand-by



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Libby's 100 Famous Foods, including Evaporated Milk, Canned Pears, Peaches, Pineapples, etc., are identified by the familiar Blue and White Label.

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Keep your strength up the natural way

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THE BETTER-BALANCED BREAD

Have a Bev!

A HOT DRINK IN A WINK

Made by Lyons of Cadby Hall.

CVS 13

TALES WITH A MORAL—NO. 2

Susie and the Scissors

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Susie once befell.
"With scissors," mother warned, "Don't play."
But Susie found them one fine day.
With cries of joy she goes snap! snip!
But suddenly the scissors slip
And Susie, crying now with terror,
Finds she has cut herself in error.

This story has a happy end,
For back comes mother with a friend
And quickly flies for 'Vaseline'*
Smoothed on at once, and all's serene.

Says Sue, "Next time, instead of crying,
To 'Vaseline'* I will go flying."

Molecules in 'Vaseline' Brand Petroleum Jelly overlap, forming a seal which shuts out germs and dirt. Recommended for all minor cases of cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, sore places.

* TRADE MARK Vaseline BRAND PETROLEUM JELLY

2748 Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

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At last BEAUTY "MAKE-UP" FOR YOUR HAIR TOO!

The wonderful Crown of Beauty Hair "Make-Up" Colour Rinse makes even the drabbest, most colourless hair **a lovely, lustrous mass of colour and beauty.** Not a permanent dye or bleach. **The added 6 to 8 shades of colour** it rinses into your hair wash out easily—so use it after each shampoo. Sold in 8 shades from Light Blonde to Black.

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Crown of Beauty *hair "make-up"* COLOUR RINSE

Now only 3 points!

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Only 3 Points are now required for the big packet of WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT and it's

STILL ONLY 8d. PER PACKET

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£5.2.7 plus £1.15.11 Pur. Tax.

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THE COMMON COLD

—a successful treatment

Many thousands of people avoid colds or have successfully treated them with the help of Serocalcin. Some fail to respond to Serocalcin but its record of success outweighs by far its failures. Serocalcin therefore merits a fair trial by all who are subject to colds.

Treatment of an existing Cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold, this often clears up the attack in 3 or 4 days. When a cold is firmly established, quick results cannot be expected but Serocalcin is very effective in shortening the duration of stubborn colds.

Prevention of Colds

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months' immunity from colds. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Serocalcin is available in two sizes: 20 tablets for treatment and 60 tablets for the immunising course.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Limited, Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN *Regd.*

FOR THE PREVENTION & TREATMENT OF COLDS

JOHN BULL STORY SPECIAL

This is fiction. Dramatically but honestly the author describes reactions which he thinks ordinary people will have to the final crisis of our generation, should that ever come. This is fiction, but, as it unfolds, the story seems far from remote or unlikely. And in that lies its warning

The youth and the girl fought silently. They both struggled without knowing why—until they were caught in the crowd

ULTIMATUM

by ALAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

SO IT HAD COME AT LAST. At 1.25 p.m. on a drowsy August day, sunshine pouring down like warm syrup. The sirens, silent for several years, wailed again. Through the streets of London the Government loudspeaker vans tore.

"Carry on. . . . Emergency Plan now in operation. . . . Go quietly home, please. . . . *Quietly*. . . . Go *home*. . . . Further instructions will be broadcast. . . . Go *home*, everybody. . . ."

World War III. No, it was too soon: you couldn't grasp it. Just as Europe was beginning to get on its feet again. Just as people were drawing their first breaths of freedom and hope.

Could we be blamed? Was it our fault that, by the shores of Lake Success, a great idea had gone awry, and those with most to lose had been panicked into accepting war as inevitable?

Too late now for regrets. There was no doubt at all that They, the enemy, would use The Thing, the Unthinkable Weapon.

Of course, there was the Four-Hour Ultimatum; but who in his senses, after all that had happened during the last few months, could dare to believe . . . ? For *we* had The Thing too, and it would not help us in the least to use it first.

Defences had been hastily prepared, deep shelters had been reopened, but there were not enough. To safeguard Britain's millions against The Thing would have taken twenty years. . . .

Everybody who heard the sirens and the loudspeakers stopped still for two full seconds: the motion picture of life caught in a rigid pose, a technical hitch in the projector. They knew with absolute certainty that every living thing, perhaps for a hundred miles around each city, would be dead in four hours.

The sirens stopped, the loudspeakers faded into the distance, and utter silence fell upon the city. Such a silence as had not been known since before the Romans came.

People stood rigid, trying to imagine it. *I have four hours to live. This is absolutely certain. I can do nothing to alter it.*

Then the crowds sprang to life. The noise swelled. People hurried madly, intent on being somewhere else in the shortest possible time, shouting to relieve their feelings, stimulated into tremendous physical activity as if they were breathing pure oxygen.

There was no panic yet. It was still too early.

The bus-driver:

Anyone coming my way can stay aboard

A No. 417 bus was butting eastwards along Oxford Street when the sirens sounded. The driver's name was Henry Feakes. He went on to the next street corner, a little before Frascati's, and then stopped. He got out and consulted the conductor. They quarrelled violently.

"I'm going back to Cricklewood," Feakes shouted. "I'm goin' home, like the Guv'ment says. Anyone who's coming my way can stay on board. The rest had better get out."

The conductor, who lived at Kennington, struck him and tried to seize the wheel. But the driver was bigger and much stronger, and knocked him flying into the gutter. People were now clinging

MRS. WILBRAHAM MISS MACLURG HENRY FEAKES SALLY FEAKES TED FEAKES

to the driving cab and the platform, nearly pulling the bus over.

Feakes turned his vehicle round ponderously, and drove back towards Oxford Circus.

The girl and the youth:

Nothing matters now—nothing

Among those who got off the bus in Oxford Street were a girl and a youth. They did not know each other.

The girl's name was Molly Sands. She was twenty-two, lived in Kentish Town and sold gloves at a store in Shaftesbury Avenue.

The youth was seventeen and worked in a paint factory along the Great West Road. His name was Leonard Wilbraham. He had come up to the West End for an outing with The Lads, whom he was to meet outside the Astoria Ballroom. He earned £2 5s. a week and lived with his mother near Paddington Station. But he did not think of his mother now.

He thought: *Four hours to live, and I've never. . . .*

He had been watching the girl ever since she had got on the bus at Lancaster Gate. He spent about half his life watching girls. He watched her with the furious hunger of adolescence.

His brain was filled with snatches of pornographic novelettes from the more lurid bookstalls, things boasted about on Saturday nights with The Lads. He was twitching and trembling as he stood beside the girl on the pavement, the bus shrinking into the distance.

Nothing matters now. Nothing.

He seized the girl's wrists and began to pull her into a doorway. She fought him silently, using hands, nails, teeth, feet. She kicked off one shoe.

The charwoman:

I'd better make a cup of tea

The mother of Leonard Wilbraham was a charwoman. She worked in a tall house in Philpot Gardens, W.2, and she had been a widow for twelve years. Small and worn and grey, she complained about everything in the expressionless hollow voice of the totally downtrodden.

Her whole life was centred on her son Leonard. "He's all I've got, you see, mum." She liked films about American night clubs, and had dreamed for thirty-three of her forty-seven years about having a fur coat.

When Mrs. Wilbraham heard the Government loudspeaker vans bawling through the streets, she sat down and began to cry weakly. She was not frightened. It was just that she hated any change or unusualness. In her experience all change was for the worse. The death of Hal, her husband. The night in 1940 when the other war had begun in real earnest. And now—this.

Miss Maclurg, the proprietress of No. 29 Philpot Gardens, came into the room making a yelping noise of terror and misery. She had thought she would faint, but instead she just wanted to rush about. She astonished Mrs. Wilbraham by embracing her violently, as if she had to have someone to hold on to.

"Oh, Mrs. Wilbraham! Oh!"

"Oh, madam——"

After a minute or two Mrs. Wilbraham said: "I'd better make a cup of tea, mum."

"No," whispered Miss MacLurg, with a sudden protective tenderness. "No, *I'll* make it. I'll make lots of tea for everyone. Oh, isn't it all dreadful!"

A great anxiety had been mounting and taking shape inside Mrs. Wilbraham. Now she knew what it was.

Leonard. She must find Leonard. He was all she had.

She forgot her coat and hat, and the tea Miss MacLurg was making, and went out of the house as if sleepwalking. She had an absurd idea that if she looked for Leonard somewhere, anywhere, she would find him. He wouldn't go home, that was certain: he hadn't been home for days.

She decided to look for him in Kensington Gardens.

The two lodgers:

Such terribly little time

The 417 bus was veering round Marble Arch into Edgware Road. There was only one orator left on the corner of Park Lane, and no one listened to him. The placard on his stand said: *Be Ye Prepared, For The Master Cometh.* He was screaming: "Repent! Repent! Not one of you is clean!"

There was an unearthly triumph in his voice as he joyfully invoked the wrath of God. Damnation was at hand. He had been right, all along. For eighteen years he had been right. There were only five happy men in London, and he was one of them.

By the Odeon Cinema there was a traffic jam. This enabled several passengers in the 417 bus to get out.

Among those who did not want to go to Cricklewood were a man and a girl. They knew each other slightly. Without understanding why, they went hand in hand to Hyde Park. Over the ragged grass they ran together towards the Serpentine, gasping, living intensely. The exertion was necessary and exhilarating.

The man was twenty-six, had been a lieutenant in the Army and was trying to pass a law examination. His name was Frank Leathwaite. The girl was twenty-four and worked in the Ministry of Supply. Her name was Kathleen Simmons. They lived in the same lodging-house in West Cromwell Road.

They had been aware of each other for three weeks, had lent each other half-pints of milk and taken telephone messages for one another, had had tea and conversation once in his room from 9.30 to 11 p.m. This was their first date. They had planned to have lunch in Soho and then go to the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park.

Panting, they sat down on the grass by the Serpentine.

He said: "That was queer. What made us do that? Why did we come here?"

"I don't know. I suppose you ought to try and find your family." She turned her head away.

"My people were killed in the blitz. I've relations in Birmingham and I don't like them. What about you?"

"My parents are divorced. Mother's in America—married to someone else. Father's in Holland on business. I suppose I ought to try and get through to him. But it's all so hopeless. . . . I'm frightened, Frank. Are you?"

"Damned frightened." He looked at her urgently: "Let's stay together, Kathleen."

"We're both alone," she murmured. "I'm glad it's—you."

"I'm glad, too. When you first came to live at Cromwell Road I—noticed you, I knew——"

"Yes. Yes, darling . . . me, too——"

"There's too much to say. We might have done so many things."

"We've such terribly little time."

Suddenly she clung to him. They kissed urgently, not understanding why it was so violently necessary not to be alone, to unite oneself with another living human being.

Nothing matters now. Sunshine poured down, and fierce desire seized them both. As if nature were making provision, in defiance of imminent extinction, for the continuance of human life. But to neither of them did this consciously occur for a fraction of a second. They did not understand the power and urgency of their passion.

They knew only that they needed each other—to forget.

The busman at home:

What about the kids?

Driver Henry Feakes drove the bus to his semi-detached council house at 204 Elgin Way, Chavasse Estate, Cricklewood. He let himself into the tiny hall and shouted: "Sal! Sal!"

There was no reply.

The neighbourhood was in tumult. Over the garden fence Stan Cowlick told him that all the mothers in the district had gone to fetch their children from the Earlsfield Road School.

"I've got half a bottle of whisky," Stan said. "I was savin' it for Christmas. Come and finish it till the girls come back. We'll save a bit for them."

"Thanks," Henry said. "You're a pal." He was surprised to find himself talking to Stan Cowlick like this: the two families had not been on speaking terms for four months, owing to a quarrel between Doris Cowlick and Sally Feakes over some long-forgotten affair relating to a scooter belonging to one of the children. The two men, out of sheepish loyalty to their womenfolk, had avoided one another since then.

"What about the kids?" Cowlick asked.

"Dunno. I'd take 'em away if it wasn't too late. The evacuation scheme won't work, I reckon. I'm supposed to report at the evacuation point with my bus. Catch me."

Presently Sally came back with her own and all the Cowlick children. She was crying, her nerves gone. The children looked hostile and embarrassed.

"Where's Doris?" Stan's voice shook as he sensed disaster.

"Oh, Stan, I've got to tell you. Doris was taken to hospital. She's——"

"Dead?" Stan croaked.

"She's bad, Stan. Ellie ran away—the crowd began panicking outside the school—Doris went after her across the traffic lights and a car hit her. Drove straight on, the swine. I told a policeman to look after her."

"By Christ. . . ." Cowlick clenched his hands.

"I had to, Stan," she sobbed. "I had to keep the kids together. We've got

KATHLEEN SIMMONS

MARY FEAKES

McCLINTOCK

SPANDRELL-PAGET

OTTOKAR STILLWITZ

DAFT JAMIE

to look after them, they're the only hope. . . ."

"What makes you think it'll hit us and spare them?" Stan jeered.

"I don't know," she wailed. "I just can't imagine life not going on somewhere. It must—mustn't it?"

"I'm going to Doris," Stan muttered. "Sorry, Sal. Thanks for what you done. Look after the kids."

Out of habit he put on his hat to go down the street. He ran out of the front gate.

The children clamoured excitedly, asking questions. The atmosphere reminded them of VE-Day, which two of them were just old enough to remember. They wanted to shout and cheer and dance about.

"It's—it's a very dreadful thing, children," Sal began. "We've all got to keep together. It may never happen." Over and over again she stressed that it might never happen, as she had done before Hitler's war and all through the bombing. We'll be all right: it'll hit someone else.

She called the children in to tea.

"It's only half past three," said Brenda, who was nine. "We've never had tea so early before."

The children ate ravenously. There was no need to save anything. It was the finest tea they could remember. To Sal the necessity of having tea was unquestioned. Only Henry thought, over and over again, "This is the last meal we shall ever eat."

Last. Last.

The busman's parents:

I'll wear my best suit

The parents of Henry Feakes the bus driver lived at Parsons Green. Old Ted Feakes and his wife Mary were seventy-seven and seventy-two respectively. He had retired twelve years ago after forty years of minding a small printing machine at a works in Willesden. He suffered now from weak kidneys and did not go out much except to buy an evening paper and a plug of tobacco, and to draw his pension.

He was getting a little silly in the head, and repeated the same things at the same times every day.

When the sirens and loudspeakers first sounded, the old couple looked at each other and sighed.

"Well, Mary."

"Well, Ted. We allus said it'd come, the way things was goin', didn't we?"

"Ah." The old man ruminated. "What about Henry and Sal?"

"They'll 'ave enough to do, with the kids an' all. 'Tisn't as if we was on the telephone. We could say goodbye to 'em then."

"Telephone," he murmured. "Never would 'ave one of them things in my 'ouse."

She was the calmer of the two, and would remain so. He had feared death all his life, and in an hour or two, as his mind gave way, she knew he would have one of his attacks.

"We'd best go to bed, Ted."

"No." He coughed and wiped his trembling mouth on a white-spotted red cotton handkerchief. "I'll meet my Maker decently dressed."

"Ted, now you just——"

"Besides, I ain't wore me best suit since the day I left the works and they give me this easy chair. I'd like to wear it now, Mary. It's a solemn occasion. They'll bring out the *Daily Mail* with black edges, I shouldn't wonder, like they did when Queen Alexandra died."

"But, Ted, there won't be no newspapers."

"I want to be buried in me best suit!" he shouted.

"There won't be anyone to bury anyone!" she wailed.

He looked like a frustrated baby. Tears sprang weakly to his old turtle-eyes and hovered at the crest of his fresh pink cheeks. He allowed himself to be undressed and put to bed without further resistance. He didn't really believe it all.

Lying in bed he gazed out of the window. He had forgotten about the coming destruction. A shower of pebbles rattled on the cobbled path of the back yard.

"It's Daft Jamie next door," Mary said. "Drat that boy. Throwin' stones in our garden all day. Too daft to go to school, that's why. His ma was going to take him up to Baker Street to see the waxworks at Madame Tussaud's today. Poor Daft Jamie."

Old Ted Feakes stared up at the cracked ceiling. "Anyway," he muttered, "it's lucky we didn't have the 'ouse done up after all. It would've been money chucked away." He sighed as if this were a real consolation to him.

"I could do with a cup o' tea," she said, and went to the kitchen to make it.

The surgeon:

Why save life now?

In a hospital near Shoot Up Hill, Cricklewood, a surgeon bent over the unconscious body of Doris Cowlick. His name was Murdo McClintock. He was thirty-nine and his wife had just left him.

McClintock worked feverishly. The girl had a slender chance of surviving. He had spent the best part of two hours on the job. Every moment the absurdity of the situation beat against his brain; why save life now, when all life everywhere would be extinct in two hours' time?

"Okay. Sew her up."

He wanted to see his wife, Diana, again. She would now be somewhere in Surrey with Ibbetson. They would want to be together, they wouldn't want him. It was utterly ludicrous. Now that the operation was over, he had to have an objective. He no longer felt any connection with the hospital. He must go home, wherever home was.

McClintock ran out of the operating theatre. He found himself running to his own flat, not far from the hospital. He let himself in, and immediately sensed that there was someone else in the flat already.

"Murdo. I came back."

"So I see." He wanted to hurt Diana before giving way utterly to his need of her. He asked: "What about Ibbetson?"

Her face was working. "He went mad. It was awful, Murdo. He threw himself on the live rail at Waterloo. Murdo, I'm afraid, too."

"Funny thing to do," he whispered, more to himself than to her. "Fancy committing suicide in the face of certain, instantaneous death—if it is instantaneous."

She was crying wildly, clinging to him, trying to be sorry about everything. Now for the first time he felt pity for her, and learnt that in contempt there is also love.

The fearful necessity of not being alone engulfed them both.

The girl and the youth:

Caught in the panicking crowd

In Soho Square panic had begun. Greeks, Italians, Chinese, Turks, Spaniards, quick to rave and quick to recover, were already at the screaming stage of fear. They surged through the Square, kicking and struggling, in a futile attempt to take shelter in Tottenham Court Road Underground station.

The youth Leonard Wilbraham and the girl Molly Sands fought silently. Her flimsy summer clothes were half torn off her. Both were possessed by a weary superhuman strength, struggling without knowing why, gasping and whimpering. Now they were caught in the crowd.

It moved with such force that they were dragged apart. The girl crumpled to the ground and at once the mob swept over her body. The youth was shouldered, feebly resisting, away towards Charing Cross Road. Suddenly his desire evaporated. He allowed himself to be carried limply by the press of humanity. The girl, bruised and faint, was dragged to her feet. She leaned against a wall, gasping painfully. Then she began to totter westwards, slowly gathering strength.

At Tottenham Court Road Leonard Wilbraham managed to separate himself from the milling mob at the Underground station. His legs were almost giving way under him as he turned into a pub.

The pub-keeper:

Drinks on the house be damned!

The saloon bar was full of men, all drinking hard. The atmosphere was one of unreal, indeed hysterical, gaiety. A curious collection of men. Men with no definite aim in life, and therefore none in death. Men without wives and families. Nobody stayed very long. They were all on their way to somewhere else.

Leonard Wilbraham ordered a double whisky. The landlord, solid, plump, disdainful, demanded seven shillings.

"For heaven's sake, man! You aren't takin' money today?"

"Why not? I don't believe in it," the publican growled.

Several voices shouted: "The Government says it's true. They wouldn't dare say so if it wasn't. It's the end of us all."

The publican leaned menacingly over the counter. "Listen. It's never

Continued on page 18

FRANK LEATHWAITE

Fiction plus . . .

"Ultimatum" is the first of a number of stories of special significance or interest which will be published from time to time. Watch out for the next absorbing John Bull Story Special

WHAT TELEVISION DOES TO US

John Bull Colour Photographs by William Kerr

Alexandra Palace television camera trained on a gaily costumed rumba band. . . . Television's supreme attraction to viewers is its ability to show events at the exact moment of happening

The Bashford family "viewing" in their Kent home. Friends flock to see the more important events. Bashford, a builder, prophesies special television rooms in houses of the future

by John Pudney

Is television changing our social life? This village survey points to increasing neighbourliness and closer family unity wherever a set turns a home into a cosy ringside seat for some national event

TELEVISION IS COSTING BRITAIN about a million pounds a year. This is likely to rise (according to the Hankey Report) to some two millions soon, when the service is extended to the provinces.

Nearly three hundred men and women programme officials are working themselves sick for the benefit of 31,250 known licence holders—though some experts estimate the number of sets to be as high as 50,000.

What is television doing to these people? It has, I think, made many of them fanatical. They all catch that first zeal for a new toy. By the time they have learnt to use it, they settle down to steady fanaticism.

Possessing no set, more familiar with the sending end at Ally Pally than with the receiving end, I am the perfect victim for the fanatics in one neighbourhood. "I can't understand why you have not got a set," they begin reproachfully. Then they get to work on my conversion.

Let my first witness be the bank manager, who has possessed a set for twelve months: "I soon got over the stage of viewing all the time. I learnt a little about the background of television and now I *use* my set. You heard that crack about television being the greatest time waster since the yo-yo? That's nonsense. None of my time is wasted.

"I believe that television is bringing something new and good into our lives. At the moment we are just on the fringe. The educational possibilities alone are terrific. No school in the country should be without screens. A single session of Horabin and his maps teaches my family more political history than months of book study. Then, as I see it, we shall soon be able to look at every great event at the moment of its happening."

Seeing it as it Takes Place

It is not easy to stop the flow of such enthusiasm; difficult to analyse it.

Notice one element which arouses the bank manager in common with all television addicts. It is the ability to see an event *at the moment of its happening*. The cinema has accustomed us to many-angled pictures of events after they have taken place. Radio gives us on-the-spot reporting but in only one dimension. The actuality of the television screen is something wonderfully new.

"In fact," says the bank manager, "people do not believe it. Very often friends sitting with us at home, watching tennis at Wimbledon, have asked me how the B.B.C. manages to rush films so quickly from one end of London to another. Once such people tumble to the full wonder of what they are seeing. . . ."

There is fervour in the bank manager's eyes. He may carry out much routine work during banking hours, but his leisure is a pioneering adventure. Work and leisure mingle in his last word, which is delivered with all the weight of his

Continued on page 10

Back-room surgeon at work. It all started when Tpr. Spraggon was summoned by C.O.

THE DOLL DOCTOR

by HUBERT COLE

Here's a man who can cope when heads drop off or eyes fall out. . . . Third of the articles on Other People's Lives

THE HOSPITAL IS DOUBLE-FRONTED but small, with not much room to pass between the two counters. There are books and magazines, bottles of ink and writing pads in the windows. There is *W. F. Spraggon, Propr.*, above the door.

In the late afternoon Mrs. Spraggon will be there, but not her husband. He will be delivering the papers. The evening round is small—about fifteen customers—and he does it himself. For the morning round he arrives from his home in Hove at seven and pencils them up for the boy.

At eight he takes breakfast. At nine twenty the assistants arrive and he can get into the room at the back. And that, really, is when the day begins. With a cup of tea at lunch time, and a few minutes off to deliver the evening papers, he works right through until the shop closes at six.

The room at the back is small, about ten or twelve feet square, and intriguingly cluttered with unlikely objects: a black hat on a typewriter on the table; a gluepot and kettle in the hearth; a palette and yards of crêpe hair on the wall; cups and saucers on a tray beside the armchair; a couple of frocks (Mrs. Spraggon's?) on hangers behind the door; battered tin boxes full of eyes on the table and floor. And everywhere the legs, arms, hands, torsos, severed heads and wigs of a score of dolls.

The dolls pass through the Spraggon hospital at an estimated rate of 2,000 a year. They come from all parts of the country and overseas as well. The big, heavily jointed, slightly masculine German type on the bench is waiting to be posted back to Johannesburg as soon as its wig has been fixed. Its elastic entrails have been completely renewed with double-stringing, and a new complexion applied.

Behind it is a waiting list of 150 dolls, varying in size from half an inch to five feet six.

Coal Fatigue Was Turning Point

Doll-doctor Spraggon has been at the job for fifty years—ever since, as a boy, he amused himself by carving his own puppets. But it was joining the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons and clicking for a coal fatigue which turned the hobby into a craft.

That was way back in the early 1900s. As he humped the coal into married quarters at Hounslow Barracks, he came across some children mourning over broken dolls. He sat down and mended them.

A couple of days later he was warned for orderly room. The colonel had heard about it, and wanted some dolls mended for his own children. Trooper Spraggon (whose troop officer was the polar Captain Oates) became a busy and popular man.

The Inniskillings went to India. Spraggon pottered in and out of married quarters in his spare time and became a sergeant on parade. Then the regiment returned, with their horses, for France—and 1914.

The next bit would sound like facile symbolism in fiction, but needs recording as fact. Sergeant Spraggon found that the parts of France in which he served were littered not only with wire and craters and pieces of dead horses and men but also with disconsolate French children and their broken dolls. So he continued to hook on tattered arms and patch up papier mâché bodies almost as busily as if he were still in Hounslow or India.

Hobby Became a Business

In 1917 he was wounded and, since neither glue nor paint nor even the best cotton-covered elastic could make him fit for further service, he was discharged. He settled down to make a civilian business out of his army hobby, at first from a private house in Fulham and later from a shop in Wembley. Three years ago he took over the shop in Brighton, with his wife and the assistants looking after the general sales while he concentrates on the dolls.

Ten days is the average time for a doll to be in the little room at the back, but intricate jobs may take a month or more. With shortages and high prices, the demand for repairs is increasing, "but I refuse to touch some of these new ones; they're rubbish—absolute rubbish. When you mend an arm, a leg breaks. And they're nearly all painted eyes, of course. The old German dolls are still the best."

The most common job is re-stringing, which works out at around 3s. 6d. for the average-sized doll. Legs, arms and head have to be strung on separate pieces of elastic. If you use one piece of elastic for the lot, the arms stick out at odd angles, which is why some cheap dolls look as though they were posing for perspiration advertisements in the women's magazines.

Many dolls suffer from an awkward internal complaint due to wayward hooks. The hooks, which connect the limbs to the elastic, conduct a sort of fifth column appendectomy and gash their way out through the papier mâché torso. The Spraggon treatment for this, using a mixture of glue and pulverized millboard plus a dab of hard gloss paint, produces a complete cure and absence of scar which should make Harley Street gnash its collective teeth with envy.

He also copes with lost voices in dolls which used to murmur "Mama" but now receive the most tender attentions in silence. This distressing condition is brought on by age, not ingratitude, and can be set right by a simple job of applying new skin to the old bellows.

Among the more usual replacements, a new leg for a big doll will cost 7s. 6d. As a special job, one finger, hand-carved and dowelled on, will cost the same. A new pair of eyes can be had for 3s. 6d., but these have a fixed, unwinking stare, and you must pay 7s. 6d. if the doll is to close its eyes when put to bed.

Eyes are made in the Midlands and usually come in pairs. The opening and shutting is produced by weights. One extremely coquettish Italian on the repaired shelf had two sets of weights and could swing her eyes sideways as well as up and down. But Spraggon does not recommend Italian workmanship—the wig (which has to be taken off to get at the eyes) is frequently tacked on, and springs are used instead of elastic.

No Surgical Snags with These

Rubber dolls come in frequently. They are popular because you can wash them, while the ordinary papier mâché doll has to grow progressively dirtier or at best make do with a rough dry-clean.

And rubber dolls present no surgical snags; their knuckle-ended limbs are thrust into the sockets without benefit of hooks or elastic. If they stay long in the hospital, it is only because the world shortage of rubber is a problem which even dolls must face these days.

It is very seldom now that a real human hair wig comes into the hospital, though, since they last for years, there are still some about. Dolls which arrive suffering from alopecia are provided with new tresses from the skeins of crêpe hair hanging on the walls. It is plaited into thin ropes to preserve the curl; it sells at tenpence a foot; and lots of people buy it to make cords for dressing gowns.

Sometimes only the cherished porcelain head is brought in, to have a complete new body fitted. The cost averages £1, which is a lot cheaper than buying a new doll.

Dolls frequently arrive with undigested meals rattling around in them. Bread, hairpins, toy knives and forks, which have been solicitously fed into the doll's mouth, tumble out on the workbench. Once there was a ten-shilling note. When Spraggon handed it back to the owner, she said: "Ah, that must be my uncle who went to California," and mysteriously left it at that.

Some dolls are brought in but never collected. These are given to the local hospitals at the end of the year (and all repair jobs from the orphanage and the children's nursery are done free at any time).

And at least one doll was collected by somebody who *didn't* bring it in. That happened at Wembley. It was a handsome doll, and somebody must have noted down its owner's name and address and later come into the shop, paid the repair fee, and walked off with it. Since then ex-Sergeant Spraggon books the dolls in and out with a system of entries more complicated than a guard roster.

A Long Tube for Remote Control

When he is not booking them in and glueing them up, he works on his own ventriloquist's dummies. Sitting outside on the lowest shelf are Dilly, Dally and Spiv, son of Sausage, with dangling arms and melon-slice mouths. In the little room is an unnamed newcomer, to whom Spraggon is fitting the wires that work the mouth, the wink and the roll—and a long pneumatic tube for remote control.

A postcard, showing him surrounded by puppets, is captioned "Spraggon, the *Comedy* Ventriloquist," and he is always ready to help out at parties: fitting this little sideline in, of course, between six in the evening, when the shop closes, and seven in the morning, when he arrives to make out the paper round for the boy.

Continued from page 8

calling. "You see, the thing is such an excellent investment."

Every time I have considered that investment myself, I have been put off by the unlikelihood of my being able to make it and by the cost. My most recent conversations with Mr. Strange, my local dealer, show, I think, that the really persistent people—those who want it most—are getting it. Strange is installing at the rate of about three a month in this district, which is within twenty-five miles' range. If he could get the sets, he states that he could install six a month: average cost, including aerial, £80 to £100. In the early stages, he says, there are many maintenance problems, due to enthusiastic ignorance.

Among these set-owners, there have been some interesting social changes. The bank manager admits that television has kept his family circle more at home. He admits that he goes to the pictures less. From this it is not difficult to see why big noises of the cinema have made some pretty scared faces in the direction of television.

My next witness, an assistant at the fishmongers, who lives near the gasworks, has his set installed in a sitting-room measuring twelve feet by six feet. Television has brought some changes to that small room since it was installed last October. For the Royal wedding, for instance, twenty-two people crowded in there, including children. Sixteen of them stayed to a stewed rabbit lunch. The Wickham home has, in fact, become something of a social centre for those living near the gasworks.

Wickham says that it took him a week to become selective. He now chooses his programmes by hearing them announced in advance.

He notes these advance announcements not only for his own benefit but for that of the neighbours. He knows most of the boxing fans, for example, who live near the gasworks. When there is a fight, he invites them all in. He himself is "not struck" on ballet or opera, but if any of his neighbours like these things, he lets them know when to come and see them. People have not reached the point yet when they know what is on and seek it out. Wickham, because he is a set-owner and an enthusiast, is doing that for them.

The Wickham family, in their relatively small room, find that darkness is unnecessary. Lamps are left on. The women find they can go on enjoying the programme while knitting or sewing. You can tell when a programme is particularly good by seeing them put down the knitting.

There is no doubt that the plays produced at Alexandra Palace are having a profound effect on their very widely scattered audiences, many of whom have never had the opportunity or inclination to enter a theatre.

With the slender resources available at Alexandra Palace, where there are only two studios, measuring seventy feet by thirty feet, plays are tricky to produce. From the early rehearsals, which are carried out in the centre of London, plays usually take about a fortnight to prepare. Nevertheless, all my witnesses agree that they are one of the most appreciated items on the programme. Taking the very modest average of five viewers for every set, it is possible that most plays are seen by something like 150,000 people. A popular television performance, therefore, is seen by as many people as would fill a theatre in London's West End for four or five months.

Held Him Spellbound

The performance of *Hamlet* hit the home of the assistant fishmonger hard. "It was the first time I had heard of *Hamlet* really. It held me spellbound. Partly it was the marvellous acting; partly it was the words. It was mainly in prose, but there were nice bits of poetry in it."

Another witness, a builder, said that he would make a bee-line to see the stage performance of *Hamlet*. But the bank manager maintains that stage performances are, in fact, not so good.

"I could not afford to go to see such shows as these in the flesh," says Wickham. "Television, which brings them, may have cost quite a lump to buy, but we are getting our money's worth in entertainment." He includes his children of eight and three in this. They have already formed a television habit on Sunday afternoons.

Emphatic evidence of the keenness of young people for television comes from my third witness, Bashford, the builder. He would like to see the evening programme run from seven to nine in order that at least the older youngsters could see plays with action and sports features, without tiring themselves out.

Bashford has to suffer a good many visitors, including myself. He has told me of the reactions of my own children to occasions when I have appeared on television. They look on enraptured by the novelty of everything they see, but the supposedly dramatic moment when Daddy appears on the screen leaves them singularly unmoved. "They fidgeted the whole time you were on," Bashford said. "They are just too accustomed to having you around in a room. The whole thing was just too natural. They were much more amused by the jugglers which followed."

The Bashford family live a little out of our village. Since the coming of television, however, they have spent more time at home and have attracted more visitors than ever before. Their set is in the lounge and they prefer to view in darkness.

They are fortunate enough to have an alternative room where those can go who are bored with the programme. As a practical builder, Bashford prophesies the building of television rooms in the future where families can go and look in without disturbing the evening life of the house.

"It seems to me," he says, "that television is all or nothing. A good many people have the light on, but we have put back our blackout curtains and see it in total darkness. It is not like the wireless. You can't talk through it. I have a telephone in the same room with it and there is nothing so unpopular with my family as when I am rung up in the midst of an exciting programme."

So television already is an important factor in keeping families together and in creating the spirit of neighbourliness.

All my witnesses are satisfied with the programmes. All of them believe the service to have an important educational and social future. None of them is highbrow. *Hamlet* was written for such people as these and they have seen *Hamlet*. They love fights, *Picture Page* and great events. Television has brought to each of them a sense of intimacy with what is happening in London, though some of them never visit the capital, go to a theatre or see anything more significant than a neighbour's wedding.

Stray Cats, Fluffed Lines

They enjoy, above all, the human intimacy of television. They loved the televised cat which walked out and rubbed herself against the legs of a fielder in a Test Match. It brought the Test Match into the focus of reality. They felt sorry when the doctor fainted in the midst of a play, but they say, "We like it when they make mistakes."

Interference such as that caused by passing vehicles worries them. But they are positive that technical difficulties will be ironed out.

While there is at present a friendly rather than a highly critical audience, the time cannot be far distant when greatly increased audiences will demand altogether higher programme standards. Everyone will agree that television has had to be run on the cheap. To support the more ambitious programmes space has had to be allotted to free or cheap items. The acutely constricted studio space also forces low standards.

In the last six months, the rise in licence figures is estimated at sixty-six per cent. The B.B.C. tells me that there is a very fine balance between the popularity of studio plays and outside broadcasts. Ceremonies and great sporting occasions top the bill. They carry the magic of the *event at the moment of it happening*.

The harmless fanaticism, the subtle changes of household habits, the enthusiasm for self-education and progress is, of course, limited at present to a distance of roughly sixty miles from the television masts in North London.

Once the lines are through the Midlands and the North, we may see considerable changes in the social life of the people.

That is why the vested interests in sport, in the theatre and in the cinema are watching these early struggles and successes of television so cagily. They cannot hold it up. They can only participate. Surely the sooner they do so, the better for all concerned?

THIS WEEK'S COVER

IN THE SPRING a young man's fancy is supposed to turn to love. But for a shepherd it is the season of hard work. He must forget self, be on the "go" at all hours to bring his flock safely through lambing hazards. The sight of a shepherd in Cornwall gave Michael Critchlow his idea for this week's cover. The old countryman in the picture is over eighty. His real love is his flock which is an outlet for his natural gentleness and patience. As a model the shepherd was fine, but the lamb he is seen holding wanted to be an acrobat. A series of quick sketches amplified by colour notes overcame the difficulty.

Island Story

The changing pattern of life produces humour, variety and surprise in Britain today. Little incidents often spring from large issues. So this week John Bull begins a new feature in which readers tell of *personal* experiences reflecting different aspects of our island story. One guinea will be paid for each anecdote used. Mark yours "Island Story."

FINDING MYSELF short of my bus fare home, I called in at my butcher's to borrow it. Thinking I had come in for offal, he said rather testily, "No use, I haven't anything today."

"It's all right," I told him. "I only want to borrow sixpence."

He looked relieved. "If that's all you want," he said, "you might as well borrow half a crown."

A sign of the times, indeed, when a customer is frowned upon for wishing to make a purchase but welcomed if merely a borrower.—*Mrs. W. P., Coddington, Newark.*

●

OVERHEARD in the potato queue: "Good morning, Mrs. B. I'm sorry I nearly passed you by. I didn't recognize you with your hair permed."

Mrs. B., the mother of several small children, replied: "Well, the kiddies' five bob Family Allowances do come in handy. I'm getting some false teeth in the summer."—*"Disgusted," Welling, Kent.*

●

AT A PUBLIC HOUSE one cold evening, I was surprised to see an elderly man enter with an oil stove under his arm.

After ordering a pint of ale, he lit the stove, pulled a stool up to it, and sat smoking his pipe, a picture of contentment.

I had heard of people bringing their own glasses to pubs, but this was the first time I'd seen anyone bring his own fire.—*J. Eden, 96 St. Heliers Road, Blackpool.*

SO YOU WON'T TALK?

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Abroad, truth drugs and lie detectors have been tried on criminals when third-degree grilling has failed. They have their uses—but not in court

Lie detector is fixed on Arthur Eggers, former Los Angeles official, whose wife was found murdered

I SUPPOSE I HAD STILL BETTER call him Corporal X. He was unlucky. His team of craftsmen were completing the overhaul of a tank in what became the biggest Army workshop outside this country. The gun-turret was being swung back into position and he was guiding the operation. His left little finger was crushed to pulp and ten minutes later he was in my M.I. room.

There had been more than the usual number of accidents in the tank bays at that time.

The men were all getting rattled. Tobruk had fallen and the Afrika Korps was sweeping across the desert. Every tank that could be repaired was badly needed, and something was going wrong in the repair shops. An overhead crane broke down and stopped one production line for two days. Diesel engines fully tested were folding up as soon as they were started. The tail of a file was found in one cylinder block, a handful of sand in another.

Intelligence officers were doing their best, but whoever was sabotaging was leaving no clues. The men were angry and tired and careless, and every day somebody lost a finger or damaged a foot.

I told Corporal X that I would remove the rest of his finger and tidy up the mess. I took a syringe filled with evipan and began to inject the drug slowly into an arm vein. It took five minutes to finish the job and put a dressing on the stump. Corporal X stayed unconscious for a little longer and then started to come round. As he did so he talked, as most people do. Corporal X was unlucky. He talked German.

He was my first inadvertent truth drug case. I have been interested in truth drugs ever since.

Scopolamine was the first truth drug. It is injected with morphine to give the "twilight sleep" which was once largely used to diminish the pain of childbirth. Then a Texas doctor noticed that some of his women patients as they came round told him things about themselves they would never normally have mentioned. He tried it deliberately after that to help in fishing half-forgotten or unpleasant truths out of the subconscious mind.

Other drugs were soon found to be just as good or even better. Nembutal, somnifaine, amytal and similar hypnotic drugs taken in tablet form make anyone sleepy. Conscious control of the faculties disappears and so do fears and inhibitions. In a pleasantly drowsy state truthful answers are given to questions because the conscious guard is down. It is easier to tell the truth than to lie.

Short-acting anaesthetics like evipan and pentothal work in exactly the same way. A small dose is injected slowly into a vein. Just enough to produce a "dopey" feeling. This is the phase before complete unconsciousness and any patient passes through it on the way to full anaesthesia, and on returning to full consciousness—which is what happened to the German corporal.

Childhood Incidents Revealed

Both drugs were soon helping the psychologists. A woman may go shoplifting or a man may be subject to a fixed delusion for reasons which go far back into their early childhood and home life. It is often easier to recall the key incidents and the reasons for them under the influence of these drugs.

This technique proved valuable with cases of what used to be shell-shock and are now called "war neuroses." Soldiers broke down under war strain for a variety of reasons. Truth drugs helped the psychiatrist to find the right reason. Then, once in the open, it could be discussed and put into perspective.

The legal use of truth drugs was developed fast in America. They have been used in more than 65,000 criminal cases there. Suspected murderers who resisted third-degree grilling have told the truth under the influence of scopolamine. The Alabama axe murders were solved in this way, and the courts in some states accepted drug-induced confessions. In Cook County, Illinois, a seventeen-year-old boy, William Heirens, was said to have confessed, under the influence of pentothal, to three murders and over 500 burglaries.

The famous lie detector, too, has featured in American criminal cases.

This is a machine which can be found in every physiological laboratory. It has three pens skating up and down a revolving drum covered with graph paper marked off in seconds. One pen is attached to the cuff of a blood-pressure recording apparatus. Another records changes in breathing, and the third shows changes in the skin temperature due to sweating.

Fix this apparatus on to anybody, and if they are asked a question which shakes them, any slight rise in blood-pressure, any sweating and any sudden deep breath will be recorded by the tell-tale pens.

The Russians are believed to have exploited truth drugs extensively, but whereas American use of the drug was conducted in a blaze of publicity, few people outside Moscow really know whether or to what extent drugs were used to induce the victims of "purge" trials to make elaborate public confessions. One man who does know is Vishinsky. He was the public prosecutor in some of the most famous of the Moscow trials before the war.

"Confession" Doesn't Prove Guilt

Should truth drugs and lie detectors be used in this country? I think not. Both methods have grave flaws.

Take the man who has always wanted to murder a nagging wife. He will say so when questioned under a truth drug—but that does not mean that he did murder her. A real murderer who felt his murder was justified would probably reveal nothing under a truth drug. His subconscious is not deeply involved, and his resistance to questioning, even when "half doped," is still high.

Hundreds of men have fantasies about rape or homosexuality. A pointed question might cause sweating, rise of blood-pressure, and a more rapid pulse and respiration rate. Yet they may be blameless citizens, who are sexually aggressive only in their dreams.

The use of either drugs or lie detecting machines doesn't fit in with what we mean by British justice. We have much more crime than we had before the war, but I believe it would have to be ten times worse than it is before the British public would accept even reluctantly drug-induced confessions as evidence of guilt.

The question has come before a British court. An ex-soldier invalided out of the Army in 1944 applied for a pension. He had been in the fighting in Italy and had broken down. He was given amytal, and in his notes on the case the psychiatrist who had questioned him recorded that fear and dislike of overseas service was one of the reasons for his breakdown. The Pensions Appeal Tribunal, with these notes and other documents before it, rejected his claim. The appeal against this decision was heard by Mr. Justice Denning.

His summing-up put the truth drugs in their proper place. The evidence of the notes was admissible, not because of the truth drugs but because it was part of the man's medical history. But, though admissible, it was not conclusive or incontrovertible. It was just one piece of evidence to be weighed with all the other evidence.

Corporal X disappeared abruptly because of a truth drug. Ex-Private Y got his pension despite the truth drug.

My summing up: Lie detectors are useful in a physiological laboratory—but not for detecting lies. Truth drugs are valuable in the hands of the psychologists—but not in a British court of law.

GLOOM TOWNS INTO BOOM TOWNS

Workers in former depressed areas are bus

factories; hopeful that the p

zones will guarantee jobs in the future

PATRICK HUGHES, IS A WIRY little Scotsman of forty-six. He works as a paint sprayer at the Weir Housing Corporation of Coatbridge, Lanarkshire, for £6 5s. a week; 14s. 6d. goes to pay the rent of his three-roomed house, and £3 15s. buys food for himself, his wife and their four children.

His eldest boy, Lawrence, who works in Glasgow as a draughtsman electrician, contributes £1 5s. a week to the family kitty, but "that hardly keeps him in shoe leather." Thus, there's not a lot of money to throw around. Yet, going about its affairs at the beginning of the day, the family shows a heartening sense of purpose.

Hughes, you would notice, eats his breakfast of porridge and toast with a distinct air of appreciation. He wouldn't mind some eggs and bacon to go with it, but he remembers that, even with rationing, he eats far better than in 1938, when the shops were crammed with food which he could not afford to buy.

Days of Idling and Poverty

True, he ate porridge and toast for breakfast then, but that would have to do him until evening, when he had the only other meal of the day, usually potatoes and sausages. The hours between he spent mooching in the public library, playing football in the street, or gleaning scraps of coal at the pithead. With 38s. 6d. unemployment benefit to support a family of six, he had under a shilling a day per head, after paying the rent.

For two thousand days he got up in the morning to face this sort of time-killing monotony. So did almost every other man in Coatbridge, for when the blast furnaces closed during the great depression of 1931-32, the town became derelict. Two and a half million men, or one in five of insured workers, were idle in Great Britain at that time, but in the areas where the heavy industries were concentrated it was far worse. Half of all steel workers, a third of all the workers in the cotton, building and general engineering industries, and over two thirds of all shipbuilding workers had no jobs.

Whole Family was Jobless

Remember the Jarrow marchers? The unemployed who gatecrashed the Ritz? The symbolic coffin taken to 10 Downing Street?

Patrick Hughes remembers. So does his workmate, Daniel McGough. Until he left the town in desperation, McGough's father and two brothers were all out of work. The father, indeed, had been idle for fifteen years. Daniel and one brother, Eric, had never been in work long enough to have sufficient stamps on their unemployment cards, so they got seven shillings a week between them. The budget for a family of five was twenty-eight shillings a week. It meant going "on the parish" —but hardly anyone was off it.

"Now," says Daniel, with satisfaction, "this is becoming a boom town. Not only are the men in work, but women and girls as well."

The threat of war, and war itself, put the skilled man back to work, though even at the time of Munich one in every six insured workers was idle.

Will the misery of the distressed areas—the

Archie McHale works in a screw factory. He has security at last—but "I haven't forgotten that means test," he remarks

John Bull colour photographs by William Kemp

and hopeful: busy in the new

licy of mixed industries in old one-industry

● ***by Dennis Bardens***

Mrs. Betty Warden recalls dole. "Now there's a bigger choice of jobs, more openings for women"

north-east coast, South Wales, the Wrexham district, South Lancashire, West Cumberland and the Scottish industrial belt—ever return? In May, 1944, the White Paper on Unemployment analysed the causes of the tragedy. Britain's key industries, such as textiles, shipbuilding, coalmining and heavy engineering, had been too concentrated, so that when these industries were hit, the population had no other work. And it was folly, in a highly-industrialized country, to leave the location of industry entirely to chance. The effect was that London and Birmingham grew to unmanageable proportions while other areas were starved of factories.

A Bait for Industrialists

The cure seemed plain—a more even distribution of new industries, and a great extension of the Government industrial estates.

The Distribution of Industry Act came in 1945. It had two main purposes — to encourage industrialists to settle in the development areas, and to provide a wider choice of jobs. It empowered the Board of Trade to spend millions of pounds on new industrial estates—groups of factories with basic services such as light, water and transport, which are let singly or in groups to industrialists—and to control the location of industry.

Considerable progress has been made. The industrial estates alone housed only 250 firms in 1939 and covered five million square feet of factory space. Yet since the summer of 1945, six million square feet of ordnance factories have been converted into industrial estates; thirteen million square feet of new factory space have been built; three million more have been switched from war to peace production, and eight million more square feet are being planned.

Go where you will in the development areas, and you will see huge factories of pleasing architecture dominating the landscape. They have sprung up since the war. The switch-over of the vast war factories, which was expected to take three years, is almost completed. The shell-filling factory at Bridgend, Glamorgan, covering 429 acres, has been converted, and seventy-four firms are already in production there. That's a common story.

Nearly three hundred new projects have been approved for South Wales, nearly six hundred in the north-east, and some three hundred major projects are under way in Scotland.

Stockings, Toys, Razor Blades

In the planning room of the Board of Trade in Glasgow, a few coloured pins tell the story of revival. Unemployment in the development area has dropped from 168,750 in 1938 to less than 40,000. There were only four industrial estates in Scotland before the war, and only one (Hillington) was in production; today there are twenty-two. More than £18,000,000, including both Government and private finance, has been spent on the erection of new factories in Scotland since the war ended.

Employment has jumped so much in the old "depressed" industries (iron and steel, shipbuilding and coalmining) that these are now short of labour. Towns such as Broxburn, East Calder, Bowling, Stewarton, Strathaven and Lesmahagow have less than fifty people unemployed.

As for the "diversification" of industry (as Whitehall likes to call it), a typewriter company has come from Italy; a firm of silk stocking manufacturers, which may employ 1,800 workers, is being planned by a Czech; radios, cosmetics, carpets, ballbearings, soap, pottery, paints, chemicals, toys, furniture, aero engines and razor blades are some of the new products coming out of Scotland.

At the Hillington industrial estate, near Glasgow, where fifty-eight new firms are in production, I watched miles of biscuits moving through an oven as big as a street. A famous Viennese firm has started making onyx and alabaster novelties, while F. C. Ogg, who insisted on calling me "Mr. Reporter-man," has come all the way from New Jersey, U.S.A., to make drinking straws at Larkhill—millions of them, all earmarked for the Ministry of Health's milk-in-schools scheme.

Three People who Remember

At the new screw factory of Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds I spoke to three people, each of whom had suffered bitterly from unemployment in the past. Mrs. Betty Warden lost her husband ten years ago, and is thankful that there are new industries she can turn to. Her husband, a plate stripper, was in and out of work all their married life. "Now," she told me, "there's a bigger choice of work for men, and more openings for women."

Archie McHale, a machine operator, feels that he is in secure employment at last, though "I haven't forgotten that means test. I was out of work between 1933 and 1935, and when my wife tried to help things out with a bit of dressmaking, they docked 9s. 9d. from my unemployment."

And Robert Docherty, a former shipyard plater, told me how he and the other three members of his working squad lost their jobs when the depression hit Blythewood shipyard, Scotstoun. "We searched for work for twenty months, but nothing doing. So I went to America and worked there. Then my mates told me the yard had opened up again, so I came home—just in time to see the shipyard close once more. If we'd had a scheme like this before the war, Scotland would never have suffered as she did."

At Dundee, a town once dependent on its jute industry, the problem can be seen in even sharper focus. The town has some 60,000 workers. Of these, in 1920, the jute industry employed 40,000. Price-cutting competition from Calcutta, new machinery, and the depression threw 22,000 jute workers—one-third of Dundee's working population—out of work. Fifteen thousand left the town.

Today Dundee booms. New industries are swarming into the area, the population, 174,735, is back to normal, and of that number only 2,209 are unemployed.

The new factory of the National Cash Register Company, which cost over a quarter of a million pounds to build, is an outstanding example of hustle. The permit to build was granted in October, 1945. Nine months later skeleton production had begun. Today the factory is complete, employing more than 800 men and women, making and assembling twelve million components a week.

Nearby I found the new factory of U. K. Time, Ltd., a branch of a famous American company. Put up since the war, it now employs five hundred girls and is turning out 3,500 watches a day. In the ordinary way, before the distribution of industry scheme, a watch-making factory wouldn't be likely to set up in Dundee. Yet the company is delighted with the site. There is the freedom from dust and humidity that is needed for the work.

Each of these two firms is privately financed. The Americans have an eye to the best chance, and their enthusiasm shows a healthy respect for Britain's latest programme of industrial planning.

What If There's a Slump?

Is all this new development slump-proof? There's no short answer. But the misery of the depressed areas in the inter-war years was due as much to industrial misplanning as to industrial crisis. And the planning side does seem to have been intelligently straightened out.

In the department of a Dundee electric battery factory, where the zinc cartridges are filled with "dollies" of graphite and magnesium, Peter Will, a shop steward of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, summed it up for me:

"I'm forty-eight years old, and I've had a chance to see things go from good to bad, and from bad to better. I say that this distribution of industry idea is definitely working. It's meant more employment, better wages, and a greatly improved standard of industrial welfare. The wonderful conditions in these new factories will make the older firms buck up their ideas."

Shock for America when Liverpool (dark shirts) beat New York All Stars

SOCCER GOES WEST

by Geoffrey Bocca

Emerging from the backyard stage, U.S. soccer grows in popularity. Now, Americans are our pupils. One day they may become challengers

NEW YORK

ONE SATURDAY NIGHT a few weeks ago, a re-write man on the *New York Herald-Tribune* sports desk made what appeared to him a logical alteration in the British football scores cabled from London and set out each winning team first, irrespective of which side played at home or away.

The indignant protests which poured in by phone and mail proved that even if the re-write man knew little about soccer, there were a lot of Americans who both knew and cared.

Soccer in America is growing up. More men are playing it, more schools are teaching it and bigger crowds are watching it than ever before. Native-born Americans, for the first time, are catching the excitement of a game which was once contemptuously known as "a foreigner's sport" played only by Scottish and German immigrants.

What is more important, Americans, like Europeans, look to Britain for guidance and inspiration. Sports columnists can jeer at our golfers, pugilists and tennis players, but their admiration for our footballers is almost embarrassing in its reverence.

This is an unusual and pleasant situation for long-suffering British sports fans, but it is not one which Americans will care to accept without a fight, and in the next few years American soccer officials are going to make a big attempt to play and beat British teams at their own level. The American football party for the 1948 Olympics will be accompanied by managers, scouts and promoters hoping to attract English soccer stars across the Atlantic as players and coaches.

Harry Kraus, forty-four year old president of the German-American League, told me: "It's my dream to get at least one top British star like Lawton or Matthews to coach here. He would double attendances and he could revolutionize school training for young players. Many coaches here just don't know the game at all."

Kraus's plans are still in the stage of boardroom discussion, but, if and when the job materializes, it should be worth £1,000 a year plus expenses for work as a player or official.

Joseph Barriskill, general secretary of the amateur U.S. Soccer Football Association, is also looking ahead. "Europeans still have too much finesse for us," he says. "We are going to the Olympics this year just for the ride. But wait until 1952, when we shall have some surprises for European teams."

This is big talk from sports leaders in a country which, until 1946, had probably the lowest all-round standards of football in the world. What suddenly galvanized the rough-and-tumble American game was the visit of Liverpool in May and June of that year, a tour which is already almost a legend, and has made English footballers the next of kin to Superman in American eyes.

The Liverpool tour was given wide publicity, and American soccer associations were gleefully forecasting that the English team was in for some rough shocks. Although the baseball season was at its peak period, 20,000 people packed Brooklyn's Triborough Stadium for Liverpool's first game against a selected team confidently labelled New York All Stars.

Made the Crowd Gasp

The shocks were not long coming. Playing with zip and polish the English team swept aside the bewildered tackling of the Americans and swamped the home goal.

The crowd gasped. They had never seen anything like it. It was the visit of the Dynamos reversed and magnified. Only one man, a lanky Brooklyner named Olaf, who kept goal in knickerbockers and baseball cap, was able to stand up to the attacks, and thanks to him the final score was only 3-1 for Liverpool.

The critics carried their enthusiasm to extravagant lengths. "The handsome English booters looked resplendent in red and white," one enraptured commentator wrote, adding with utter indifference that the New Yorkers played in gold shirts and blue knickers.

Quickly following up their victory, Liverpool massacred the Baltimore All Stars 9-0, then returned to New York to beat the American League All Stars 5-0. Chicago, Toronto, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New England and New Jersey all put up representative teams which were hammered just as unmercifully.

In all, 110,000 people paid to see the games. After the first couple of matches, any hopes of an American victory vanished, but the soccer fans turned up just the same to see the game played in a way they had only dreamed about before.

It was a real triumph for British sport and a sharp lesson for American soccer men. Enthusiasm for the game was spreading over the whole country, springing up even in such remote states as Texas and Florida, where it had been unheard of before. In 1947 more than 2,000 clubs had been registered with the association.

Attendances in the three major leagues, the American, the North American and the German-American, were up twenty-five per cent on the previous season. Wealthy sportsmen like Phil K. Wrigley, the chewing-gum magnate, were interested in the game for its promotional possibilities.

More in it for Players

Crowds, of course, were still much lower than in Britain and the rewards were small. Good professionals were making £6 a game, with a few star men in the Middle West making £12 and more. But in America there is no ceiling wage and in a few years' time good players should be making three and four times the amount British players make.

American officials think that good European coaches are the game's chief need. The sickness of American soccer is in its attitude to the game. American players only learn of the European game from rare visits by British teams so there is no basis for comparison except with themselves. The only good European footballer playing in the hemisphere is Medley, the former Tottenham winger, and he is in Canada.

American sporting standards are less delicate than the British. This is seen in the tedious protests against almost every decision, in the hysterical embracing of the player who has scored the goal, kicking into touch, fouling when the referee's back is turned, playing to the gallery, and shouting and swearing on the field.

Referees Browbeaten

It is almost impossible to find a good word for American referees. Nearly all are inefficient. Many are cynical and in the game for the £4 a match they can earn. Many are cowed and corrupt.

At one game I saw a player walk up to a referee after a disputed decision and roar at the top of his voice: "Ref, you stink! Do you hear me? You stink!"

Instead of ordering the man off the field, the referee protested. "I blew my whistle for you, didn't I?" he said. "If they don't take any notice of the whistle, I can't help it, can I?"

I took the point up with the referee after the game. "Things are different over here," he said. "A couple of months ago a referee was given 200 dollars compensation after a spectator had knocked out two of his teeth and put him in hospital. You have to play with the crowd here."

I told him I was writing about the game and that he was making a serious allegation against referees' integrity. "That's all right," he told me, "I think it would be a good thing for people in England to understand how difficult it is for referees here."

At another game, the referee waited while a group of players started to fight. "When you guys are finished," he said, "we'll play ball."

Another referee, in a minor league game, penalized a centre-forward for booting the ball straight to his winger at a kick-off. He was so used to the standard practice of tapping the ball to the inside man who pushed it back to the centre-half that he thought any other move was an infringement.

All this is bad for the game, but when one remembers that these men control boys' as well as senior games, it becomes serious. Boys the world over ape the show-off, and in America there is too much show-off in proportion to the football. Official assurances on the problem are dubious. "Leagues have recently given referees the O.K. to be as tough as they like," I was told. But many referees I have seen simply would not dare.

Lend-Lease?

What America needs more than star coaches or First Division tours are good referees on a lease-lend basis, who will stand no nonsense from aggressive players and won't be intimidated by hostile crowds.

A referee like Wiltshire, who handled last season's Cup Final, could transform an American game from a free fight and swearing contest into a clean, enthusiastic game.

Good referees are badly needed in America, and good American soccer is vital to the game as a whole. In this, Britain has a duty. She invented the game and introduced it to the world, and she has a stake in its success. American authorities are overwhelmingly eager for our assistance and co-operation. If American football goes back to the rough, aimless game it is now leaving behind, it will be a tragedy for those American youngsters who are keen on the game and the thousands of people who are ready to pay good dollars to see good football.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Know Thyself

THE late G. K. Chesterton had the uncanny knack of pointing out the obvious with unerring accuracy.

Now this is not a simple thing; for the obvious is so common and stares us in the face so persistently that we are always apt to ignore it because we're so used to it.

I found the other day in one of his essays one of these profound truths. "There runs a strange law through the length of human history," he says, "that men are continually tending to undervalue their environment, to undervalue their happiness, to under-value themselves.

"The great sin of mankind, the sin typified by the fall of Adam, is the tendency, not towards pride, but towards this weird and horrible humility."

A great preacher, the late Dr. Spurgeon, put his finger on the same thing. "Humility," he said, "is to make a right estimate of oneself. It is no humility for a man to think less of himself than he ought."

It is just as wrong to have an inflated idea of oneself as it is to underrate one's capabilities. See yourself straight.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

FREE SPEECH

Discourtesy by holiday agents; bureaucracy on the railways . . . Readers' own views and photographs

AT THE BEGINNING of the new year I wrote to twelve estate agents at Bridlington, Yorkshire, inquiring for furnished holiday accommodation for August.

Only two bothered to reply. One of them used an unsigned postcard bearing three words, "You've Had It."

I don't know which irritated me most, the lack of courtesy of the agents who failed to reply or the smart-aleck impertinence of the one who did.

It's time local publicity councils exercised some control over these "don't care" ambassadors. Some day they're going to need us.—CHARLES DOVER, 302 Green Lane, Norbury, London, S.W.16.

Red Tape on B.R.

RECENTLY HAVING TO TRAVEL to the Midlands and later to Lancashire, I wished to return by a through train direct to London.

The two return half tickets fully covered the return journey, but because one was issued by the G.W.R. and the other by the L.M.S. I was not allowed to take a through train but had to return the way I had arrived—in two stages. As a result my arrival in London was greatly delayed.

As there are now no separate companies, British Railways should cut the red tape that prevents a traveller from getting to his destination as quickly and simply as possible.—G. B. HOWSDEN, 86 Ashbridge Way, Morden Surrey.

No Objection to Old Films . . .

CONNERY CHAPPELL in his article "Film Famine is Here" (JOHN BULL, February 14) wondered whether patrons of cinemas would be content with American reissues and the few new British films.

Few people, I think, object to reissues provided they are told (*a*) that it *is* a reissue and (*b*) its age. Film posters should carry this information. Then patrons would know what to expect.

What people do object to is paying to enter a cinema and then discovering the film to be ten years old.—P. BELL, 12 Kendall Street, Carlisle, Cumberland.

. . . But Make Them Cheaper

SINCE WE ARE TO SEE films which are mainly reissues, some of them many years old, isn't it possible for cinemas to charge a cheaper admission fee?

Film companies have already profited by these films and probably hire them out for less money.—JOHN Y. LIVERSEDGE, 14 St. Nicholas Churchyard, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

**** When approached for comments, General Film Distributors would not disclose rental price of films. Manager of one of Britain's largest independent cinemas, however, informs* JOHN BULL *that though some old reissues are hired out by renters at a cheap, flat rate, no changes in seat prices are contemplated. On the other hand, when "live" stage shows are put on instead of films, additional cost is immediately passed on to the consumer by higher-priced tickets.*—EDITOR.

. . . And Let's See Greta

Jean Whitman

I FOR ONE do not mind seeing reissues of good films I missed in the past or old favourites I want to see again.

Some I should like to see reissued are: *Now Voyager, Lady Hamilton, Rebecca, Man in Grey, Lost Horizon, Casablanca, For Whom the Bell Tolls*—and any film starring Greta Garbo.—JEAN WHITMAN, 237 Wrythe Lane, Carshalton, Surrey.

"Mental" Children

MY OWN EXPERIENCE confirms that of the nurse who complains about conditions in a mental home (JOHN BULL, February 14).

Visiting a patient at a mental hospital last week I had to pass a partitioned room leading to her ward. Inside it was a boy of about six. He had a bed on the floor.

Distance between the slats that made up the partition was about two inches. Apparently he could not talk. Will this type of solitary confinement encourage him to do so?—MRS. L. NANKIVELL, Onslow Cottage, St. Breward, Bodmin.

Register Radio Sets

ONE METHOD OF ENSURING that every wireless receiver is licensed is to see that all new sets are registered with the Postmaster-General when they are sold.

Each set sent to a dealer should be accompanied by a business reply card. When the set is sold the name and address of the purchaser should be filled in and the card posted by the dealer to the P.M.G. Post Office records would show if a licence was already held by the buyer. If not he could be instructed to buy one after a period of grace had been allowed.

In this way a check would be kept on all receiving sets as is already the case with motor cars.—WILLIAM NASH, 57 South Avenue, Warrington, Lancs.

Polish Bride is Happy

JOHN BULL'S ARTICLES about G.I. Brides were most interesting. I am an Englishwoman married to a Pole. I had to leave my three young children behind three months ago to come out here and see what conditions were like.

Now I am staying with my husband's people who have a farm in territory formerly occupied by Germans. Though I cannot yet speak the language, we all get on together very well. Polish people are the kindest and most generous I have ever met.

I am looking forward to the day when my children can be together with my husband and me.—MARY SZYNANSKA, Spalice 12, Pow Olesnica, Dólny Slask, Poland.

Chance for Wallflowers

WE ARE TWO GIRLS with a grievance. At dances there are boys who obviously want to dance with us but never get around to asking us.

Why shouldn't dance halls hold a "Girls' Night" one night a week, when only girls may ask partners to dance? This would also give wallflowers a chance to get partners.

After all, girls must always wait to be asked. Why shouldn't they do the choosing for a change?—MISSES O. AND G. SMITH, 54 St. Giles Road, Willenhall, Staffs.

Cobbler's Complaint

FOOTWEAR REPAIRS HAVE been increased by 1¼d. in the shilling, bringing the total increase since 1939 to 6¾d. in the shilling.

In that period, the price of leather has increased by 170 per cent, the price of rivets, studs and hobnails by 200 per cent, heel and toe plates and quarter tips by 300 per cent.

Wages, too, have gone up 100 per cent for a shorter working week.

Boot and shoe repairers are, in the main, self-employed business men. We cannot hope to carry this burden for long and yet remain in business.—EDWARD J. LAWRENCE, 25 Wellway, Morpeth, Northumberland.

Team That Plays Patience

CAN THERE BE ANOTHER village like Avoch in Ross-shire, Scotland, where Patience is not so much a virtue as a postman's nightmare?

More than half the population of 1,300 has the surname of Patience, the remainder being mainly McLemon or Jack. The school has two football teams: every member of one side is a Patience, while the other team consists exclusively of Jacks.

Biggest headache at the local post office comes when a letter arrives addressed simply to Mr. Patience or Mr. Jack.—J. R. K. PIRIE, 37 Victoria Street, Aberdeen.

Girls with a grievance: Misses G. and O. Smith. They write to say that girls should be free to choose male partners at dances

How Old is Old?

H. Berne

THE PHOTOGRAPH of that sprightly youngster of eighty-seven, Mr. T. Daly (JOHN BULL, February 7), shows how our view of what is really "old age" alters with the years.

My father was "getting on" at forty, an "old gentleman" at fifty, an "old nuisance" at sixty, and from then on was dying until he did actually expire at eighty-six.

I still enjoy a game of billiards with my fifty-seven year old son, who, I think, will make a good player when he grows up.—H. BERNE, 187 Queens Road, Hastings.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

VOCABULARY

(1) What is the plural of hippopotamus? (2) Do you need gas for a tonsorial operation? (3) If your friend and you have a fight in the street, can you be arrested for making a riot? (4) Johnson means "son of John"; what are the Welsh and Gaelic name prefixes meaning "son of——"?

FASCISM

(1) What new organization has the same initials as the old British Union of Fascists in another order? (2) What colour shirts were worn by fascists in Italy, Germany, Britain and Hungary? (3) What is the origin of the name "fascist"? (4) In what year did Mussolini march on Rome; Hitler come to power in Germany?

DOGS

(1) Which dogs are famous for carrying succour to travellers lost in Alpine snow? (2) A dog was shown accompanying Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh in wedding photographs. Its breed? (3) The Bible says a living dog is better than . . . what? (4) What does dachshund (a German word) mean?

GEOGRAPHY

(1) Which are the lines parallel to the equator, those of latitude or longitude? (2) Is New Zealand more or less than a thousand miles from Australia? (3) Is the Tropic of Capricorn north or south of the equator, and what is the other one called? (4) Is Rome, Athens or Paris known as "The Eternal City"?

(Answers on page 22)

with my feet up

Looking at Looks

WHEN ANYONE MENTIONS the New Look now, all you need to do is to give them an old-fashioned look. For the New Look, so my paper tells me, is already out of date.

An even Newer Look has arrived.

These Looks seem to depend almost entirely on the whims of one man, a Paris dress designer named Christian Dior.

He simply holds a dress show and another New Look is born. Hem lines go up and down like Stock Exchange prices. There is a new Battle of the Bulge followed by a campaign to Close the Gap. A woman starts out in a new frock in the morning and is hopelessly outmoded by lunch time.

Determined to get inside information on this, I called on an old friend of mine, a leading Paris dress designer named Count Carafe de Vinblanc. (I knew him when he was Charlie Biggs from Yorkshire.) He is the only dress designer who doesn't mind saying that he's in it for the money, not for his art.

"New Look?" he said. "I turn 'em out every ten minutes. If I didn't, women would show a bit of sense and wear the same clothes for years. Bad for business."

"What's the latest?" I inquired.

"Ah, that is a carefully guarded secret. Fifteen picked detectives guard my workrooms, ten raging Alsatian dogs watch the premises at night. . . . At least that's what I tell the newspapers. Actually there's only old Pierre, the eighty-year-old night watchman, and his pet parrot."

"So you won't tell me anything?"

"Of course I'll tell you something. I'll tell you the best guarded secret of all, and I'll tell you another thing. One of the American dress houses will pay ten thousand dollars for that secret in advance of my public showing. So I tell it to you, then you sell it to America and we split the proceeds fifty-fifty."

"I see," I said.

"And will the Vinblanc Look stagger the world! I'll say there's been nothing to equal it since Eve put on the fig leaf. Listen, old man, come closer . . . I'm going to have women wearing their corsets outside their dresses!

"And outside their overcoats, too," he finished triumphantly.

by Ian Fox

Memories of satisfying cheesecakes on prewar coffee stalls inspired some original recipes for rich crunchy cakes

SOMETHING NEW FOR TEA

by KAY SMALLSHAW

Teatime needn't be dull. Much can be done by clever food juggling

"WHAT'S FOR TEA?" asked my husband, who had come home early. Like most of us today, he is always hungry.

"I'll cut some sandwiches. Or you can have some toasted cheese, and there's cake," I replied.

"Did you say cheesecake? I could just do with some of those huge ones with the coconut fringe on the top."

As I made some ordinary austerity toast I had a mental vision of the coffee stall cheesecakes. Do you remember them? A shell of pastry—filled with rich, yellow cake—and a layer of jam. On the top was the coconut thatching that made them so irresistible to the eye. I don't think I ever tasted one, but they looked wonderful.

Where did coffee stalls and dining-rooms of the good-pull-up-for-carmen type get their cakes? There was a satisfying, suety-looking slab—studded with fruit—in a pastry casing; a kind of eccles cake and, of course, covered tarts. Judging from appearances they must have been remarkably filling. How handy they would come in today!

That Nutty Flavour

Less satisfying, but so delectable, were coconut rock cakes. Even today I get a nostalgic feeling when I catch sight of the bright lettering that still adorns the bags used by a local pastrycook—*The Coconut Rock Specialists*, they read.

It was thinking of their nutty sweetness which made me produce some Mocha Cream Cookies last week for a children's party.

Barley flakes, believe it or not, do give a semblance of nuttiness and, with the chocolaty icing that dolls them up, they have quite a festive air as well as taste. You need one teacupful each of flaked barley and self-raising flour, one ounce of cooking fat and the same of margarine, half tablespoonful each of syrup and cocoa, two tablespoonfuls of warm water, a few drops of vanilla essence and the usual pinch of salt.

Mix together flour, barley, cocoa and salt. Cream the fat and sugar and work in the syrup. Add dry ingredients alternately with the water. Put in teaspoonfuls on a greased baking sheet and bake for thirty minutes in a very moderate oven, Regulo three or 350 degrees.

When cold, sandwich each two together with the following "cream." Put in a saucepan a teaspoonful of margarine or oil, and when melted beat in two good tablespoonfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of cocoa. Add strong coffee drop by drop until the mixture resembles thick cream.

Icing sugar gives a smoother filling, but it takes longer to work in than the melted ordinary kind.

You'll notice I said "margarine or oil." To be honest, I used oil in the barley mixture, too. Like most housewives who have the family in to tea every day, I find it a constant problem to provide enough to fill up all the corners. Even butter and margarine together won't run to unlimited bread and butter, as well as lunchtime sandwiches. Cakes have to be conjured out of the cooking fat allowance, but to do that, as well as making weekend pie, needs some sleight of hand.

Counter Girl's Tip

It was the girl at the grocer's who helped solve that problem. Seeing my eye go to the bottle of teaseed oil she used just the right argument to open my purse. "It makes lovely pastry," she assured me.

I suppose one day plantations in East Africa will produce unlimited oil and hence "marge" from the useful pea-nut. In the meanwhile, I'll carry on with the teaseed variety of oil. It's far from cheap. Yet if you're not careful you can spend twice as much at the baker's as at the butcher's, so I prefer to improvise at home.

For a decent-sized cake I use eight ounces of self-raising flour, less one ounce. The ounce is made up by a well-rounded tablespoonful of soya flour, just to give a little extra nourishment. Use one and a half ounces of cooking fat or if oil is used substitute a scant tablespoonful for each ounce. For the rest, quarter pound prunes, two tablespoonfuls of marmalade, juice and grated rind of one orange, three-quarter teaspoonful bicarbonate soda, quarter teaspoonful powdered cinnamon and a generous two ounces of sugar.

The Final Stages

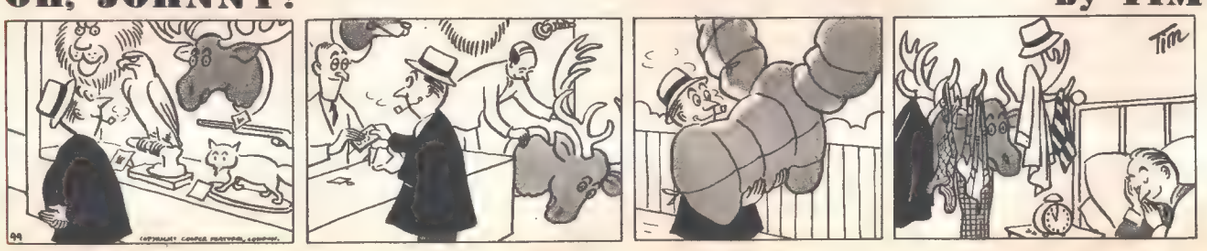
Soak the prunes in warm water for a few hours, then stone and chop. Save the water and make up to three-quarters of half a pint with orange juice. Put in a saucepan with the prunes, half the grated orange rind and sugar, marmalade, cinnamon, soda and oil if used. Heat gently until all is melted and blended. Sieve or mix well together flour, soya and salt, and rub in cooking fat if used instead of oil.

Stir the dry mixture into the saucepanful while the latter is still warm. Pour into a greased shallow cake or gingerbread tin. It will take about one hour in a moderately hot oven, Regulo five or 400 degrees.

When cold cover with a thin layer of water icing, flavoured with the rest of the rind and mixed with a little of the juice.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



DARK STRANGER

by John Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

Dad had to get fifty pounds for young Alf somehow. A chance encounter put him on the right track

As he turned a huge Negro grinned at him. Later, reading his paper in the bus, he got another surprise

WHEN YOUNG ALF came home to dinner on Saturday he was fair shook up—couldn't make any sort of a go of his fish and chips, which was something new for him.

"What's the matter with you, eh?" Mum asked, reaching over and prodding the fish on her son's plate with her own fork. "That's as nice a piece of fresh haddock as I've seen for a long time!"

But Alf only put down his knife and fork and slouched back in his chair. "Don't feel like it," he said gloomily.

Mum stared at him for a moment and then turned appealingly to her husband at the other end of the table. "D'you hear that, Dad?" she demanded. "Tenpence that bit cost—and he doesn't feel like it!"

Dad nodded without speaking, picked a morsel out of a back tooth, and then directed at Alf a kindly but very shrewd glance. "What's the matter, son?"

Alf wriggled on his chair, waved a hand in a half angry, half defiant gesture, and then flushed scarlet. "Nothing's the matter," he said.

But young Alf had never been any good at fooling his father, who now leaned forward with his elbows on the table. "Come on! Something's up—and you might as well let us have it."

Alf wriggled again, as though striving to shake something off. Then the scarlet drained from his face, leaving it very pale. His expression became almost sulky.

"I—well, if you must know, I lost something."

"Lost something?"

"That's what I said, didn't I?"

"Now Alf!" Mum interposed sharply, "there's no call to speak to your father like that!"

"All right, Mother," Dad said soothingly. "Leave him alone." He could see that something pretty serious was amiss, and when he spoke again he addressed himself to young Alf quietly and directly. "What was it you lost, son?"

IT was some time before Alf answered. He remained irresolutely, uncertainly silent, and, although he was a strapping youth of eighteen, he was in those moments very near to tears. Then at last he said: "Money."

A pause. Then Mum asked: "Money? How much?"

"Fifty quid."

It was the turn of young Alf's parents to be at a loss for words. There was an uncomprehending silence, until Dad laughed shortly and said: "Come off it! You never had that much!"

Young Alf smiled in a sickly fashion. "It wasn't mine," he said.

Mum gasped. "Not yours, Alf! Then——?"

"All right, all right!" exclaimed Alf passionately. "If you'll just shut up a minute I'll tell you! It was the takings, see? The firm's takings. You know I pay 'em in at the bank Saturday mornings? Well, something happened this morning. I don't know what. All I know is, when they was checked at the office they was all right, and when they

was checked at the bank they was fifty quid down the drain."

There was another silence, as bewildered as the last, until Dad said slowly: "But——"

"I tell you there are no 'buts,'" Alf interrupted violently, his mouth quivering. "That's all there is to it, see? I went straight from the office to the bank and lost fifty quid on the way. I don't know how, any more'n you do. I——"

"Did you report it?" Dad interrupted quickly.

Alf stared at him. "Couldn't," he said flatly. "Both Mr. Albert and Mr. Charles have gone away for the weekend. No good telling anybody else."

"Police?"

"No!" said Alf vehemently. Then, drawing a deep breath, he added: "Fact is, I don't want anybody to know. Fellow at the bank is holding it over till Monday morning. I told him there must've been a mistake at our end. If I can get fifty quid to him first thing Monday no one has to know anything."

There was an uncomfortable pause. Then, looking up suddenly, Alf saw something in his mother's eyes which caused him to flush scarlet again. "You needn't think I took it!" he exclaimed.

"Now, son!" Dad said quietly, "no one's thinking anything of the sort."

"But," Mum asked, worried and bewildered, "where are you going to find fifty pounds?"

"I don't know. But," Alf added urgently, "I've got to, and that's that! Now look—I've got a position of trust, haven't I? I take the money round to the bank. Well—I'm not going to let 'em down! And what they think of me at the firm is worth a lot more than fifty quid to me! And if I lost the money it's up to me to find it. That's all there is to it."

But Mum was rapidly losing patience with such nonsense. "That's all very high and mighty," she said, "but where are you going to find it?"

"I dunno," said Alf miserably.

FROM then onwards relations between Alf and his mother deteriorated so rapidly that pretty soon Dad grabbed his raincoat and his cap and left the house. Arsenal were playing at home, and he had intended to go and see the match.

As he walked he wondered a lot about Alf, who had confessed to having only a little over two pounds in the world. Dad hadn't much more—he'd never been the saving sort. True, at that moment he had six-pounds-ten, his week's pay, still in his pocket, but most of that was earmarked well in advance.

Had the boy really lost the money? Of course he had! And yet—there was the new accordion he had just bought.

Dad was furious with himself for doubting the boy. But it stopped him going to the police himself.

At the corner Dad bought a paper and then he wandered out into Seven Sisters Road. Fifty quid. It was a teaser all right! And, still racking his brains for an answer to that teaser, he stepped off the pavement to cross the road to the trolleybus stop. There was a shrieking of brakes and a shout. Dad felt himself seized suddenly from behind as though he were an infant in arms, and was conscious of being lifted backwards and set down again on the pavement he had just left. He was confusedly aware of the red face of an irate bus driver, and then, turning, he found himself face to face with an enormous Negro. Dad stood and stared in bewilderment. The Negro grinned at him. He was a colossal figure, sombrely dressed in a black overcoat and a huge, wide-brimmed black hat. Only his teeth flashed white.

Dad realized that this man had just saved his life, but before he could pull himself together sufficiently to speak the Negro made him a sort of bow, turned,

"Yah, Spiv!"

and strode off. Dad stared after him for a moment or two.

In the Arsenal-bound trolleybus he sat down with a sigh, and for a while stared out of the window at nothing. Then he took up his paper, opening it automatically at the racing page. A couple of minutes later he started violently and gripped the paper tightly, for there, before his very eyes, under the heading TODAY'S GREYHOUNDS was the following: *TODAY'S BEST BET: Harringay, 3.10 p.m., DARK STRANGER.*

Dad had never learned. All his life he had been betting on horses and dogs because of their names or the colours they wore, or because they looked like his relations. It is not surprising, therefore, that his betting career had not been conspicuously successful, but as up to now he had only fluttered near the ground, two bobs' worth at a time, he had never fallen heavily.

The longer he stared at the paragraph the more excited he became. The thing was a cert—a dead cert! He was utterly convinced of that. His excitement continued to rocket moment by moment. *Dark Stranger!* A jet-black stranger indeed! Why, after what had happened, the animal would be able to win on three legs! If Dad was certain of anything he was certain of that, for he was the type of man who, though there is none more shrewd in everyday life, leaves his brains behind when he goes racing.

ALWAYS he had cherished the idea of one day slapping something big—say a fiver or so—on something with four legs. In spite of his enthusiasm, he had never had a really good excuse for risking what was to him a great deal of money. But now there was nothing to stop him! He might be able to win young Alf his fifty pounds, or part of it at any rate! Drawing a deep breath, Dad felt for his pay envelope. At the next stop he got off the trolleybus, crossed the road once more, without mishap, and took a bus going in the opposite direction.

At 3.5 p.m. Dad was feeling slightly sick. As the third race came up he had found that *Dark Stranger*, far from being a favourite, was pretty near to being the rankest outsider of them all. Ten to one! And, standing in the Tote queue, he had heard the experts in front of him putting their money on everything except Number Five, which was *Dark Stranger*. But he had stuck to his guns, and now his money was on—six whole, hard-won pounds. There was a solitary ten-shilling note left in his pay envelope. He daren't think about the Missis!

The dogs had just finished parading. All of them looked perky enough—except Number Five. With all his soul Dad silently implored Number Five to hold up his head and look lively, but the wretched creature on whom all his hopes were set continued to lumber along miserably, sniffing at the grass.

Dad was wedged in among the crowd on the far side from the traps and the finishing post. His sight wasn't good enough for him to be able to see what was going on over there, but a sudden distant yelping told him that the dogs were in the traps. The queasiness in his stomach increased.

In a dream mounting almost to a nightmare he heard the starting bell and the concerted roar which instantly broke from the crowd. Shouts of exhortation and passionate appeals broke out all round him, but amid it all Dad remained mute and trembling. Six quid! He hardly dared to look.

Then there they were coming up into the back straight before his eyes. A red jacket and—an orange jacket! Number One—and Number Five! *Dark Stranger!* They were running absolutely neck and neck, with the rest of the field bunched a good six lengths behind!

Dad opened his mouth to shout, but nothing came out. Next to him a beefy, red-faced fellow with a dirty white muffler round his neck was bellowing "Come on, One dog. Come on, *Belinda's Choice!*" Dad could have murdered him.

THEN they were gone, round the bend, *Dark Stranger* outside *Belinda's Choice*, the two dogs still neck and neck and with the rest the same distance behind. With his heart thumping and a bad taste in his mouth, Dad strained his eyes as they came into the home straight on the far side. He could see the two dogs out in front, but he could distinguish neither numbers nor colours.

A last roaring crescendo swelled from the crowd, and then it was all over except for a buzz of excited conversation. Dad hadn't the faintest idea which dog had won. Nor, to tell the truth, had anyone else, though there was no lack of opinions.

"One dog did it by a mile!" declared the beefy fellow. "*Belinda's Choice* did it!"

There was a hush then as the indicator fluttered, and a roar as the number of the winning dog appeared—Number One.

But, almost instantaneously, the roar was cut short as the indicator fluttered again and then appeared—blank. A deep, confused murmuring broke out as the crowd waited, only to hush again as the loudspeaker crackled and an official voice boomed:

"Here are the results of the third race. Number One, disqualified. Winner, Number Five. Second——"

But Dad never knew which was second. As the crowd stood booing the disqualification of the favourite he turned and pushed his way weakly through. He felt very queer. The official at the paying-out window of the Tote thought Dad was pretty queer, too. At least, it was the first time he had ever paid out something over sixty pounds to a man who kept muttering "Never again, never again!"

And, to tell the truth, Dad was pretty badly shaken. He couldn't have followed up his success even if he had wanted to—which perhaps was just as well. All he wanted to do was to get home, and so, still trembling, he made for the exit.

However, by the time he got home he had more or less recovered his self-possession. Indeed, a feeling of exultation was beginning to take hold of him. He even smiled to himself as he saw Mum and Alf sitting gloomily by the fire.

"Hullo," said Mum, "you're back quick! Who won?"

Dad stood looking at them for a moment. Then, taking the wad of notes from his pocket, he tossed them on to young Alf's lap.

"I did," he said.

ULTIMATUM: **Continued from page 7**

'appened before, and as far as I'm concerned, that's a good reason why it shouldn't 'appen now."

There was a roar of fury: "Drinks on the house!"

"Be damned!" the publican howled. "It's all bloody lies, that's what it is. They said there'd be gas and germs and what-not in the last lot. And there wasn't. Stanley Baldwin said the 'ole of civilization'd be destroyed, didn't he? And it wasn't. Why not?" He climbed on to the counter and shook his fists in his excitement. "Because if you smash up everything it takes the profit motive out of war. And no country ever starts a bleedin' war just to preserve itself. It wants to get summat out of it."

"This ain't an ordinary war, chum. No spit-an'-polish. No left-right-left. No blinkin' medals and gratuities!"

"How about if we was to lynch you?" a youth shouted.

"Gentlemen, please!" A pink, plumpish, smooth-skinned man of about forty-five, dressed in faultless City blacks, interrupted. "Lynching will not be necessary. After all, every one of us will be dead in ninety minutes' time. Allow me to pay for everything, since our friend behind the counter is so scared for his money."

"Thanks, guv'nor." A murmur of approval.

The pink gentleman (name: Walter Spandrell-Paget; occupation: company promoter; residence: Angmering-on-Sea) took a wad of five-pound notes from his pocket and flung them on the counter. An ironical cheer went up. Pleased and grinning with genuine humour, Spandrell-Paget emptied all his other pockets. He had stuffed them with the entire contents of his safe before leaving his office.

"Anyone want any money?" roared Spandrell-Paget. He threw handfuls of notes in the air. They floated dismally to the floor. Only one man bothered to pick one up: he had never seen a £100 note before. He blew his nose on it, screwed it up and tossed it into a spittoon. The crowd laughed derisively.

Spandrell-Paget, finding his hearty generosity lacked infectiousness, took his leave. Automatically he looked around for a taxi. To his surprise there was one standing outside the pub. The driver was presumably still in the bar, drinking the remainder of his life away.

Deep within him, since boyhood, Spandrell-Paget had always wanted to drive a taxi.

Now, for the first and last time in his life, he could indulge his desire.

Zig-zagging along back streets, Spandrell-Paget drove through Mayfair to Hamilton Place.

The oldest clubman:

Don't be so class-conscious

The club was almost empty. He was astonished to find only eight members present, six of whom were permanent fixtures anyway. The other two, Anderby and Felpham, a literary agent and a barrister respectively, appeared from the cellars with their arms full of cob-webbed bottles.

"Where are all the servants?" Spandrell-Paget asked.

"The younger ones have gone," murmured the Oldest Member. "Can't blame 'em. Do it myself if I'd anywhere to go."

"What about Parslake and Fagg?"

"Oh, they're here. They're rather enjoying it all."

Parslake and Fagg, two very old waiters of the same vintage as the Oldest Member, emerged from the cellars where they had been directing the looting operations.

"You'll join us?" the Oldest Member

Continued on page 21

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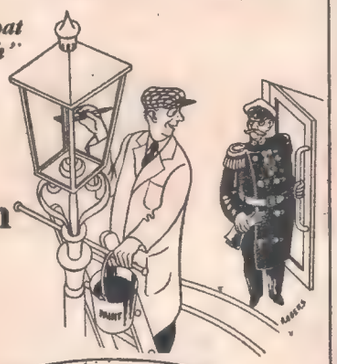

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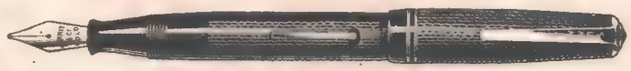

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Continued from page 18

asked. Fagg looked timidly around. "With pleasure, sir. If you think it's—all right?"

"Of course, my dear feller. Don't be so damn class-conscious."

They started work on wines nobody knew existed any more. Parslake and Fagg had kept their secrets well. Soon they were all in high spirits, exchanging anecdotes about old club scandals.

Spandrell-Paget, with one more hour to live, paused for a fraction of a second. He tried to hold it still, the incandescent flash in which he realized that he was something he had never been before, or hoped to be—completely happy.

He was in fact the second of the only five happy people in London. The third was Professor Stillwitz.

The professor:

Even now it need not happen

In the club library a small man with a mass of dry steel-grey hair sat hunched at a writing desk, unaware of what was going on downstairs. Professor Ottokar Stillwitz was sixty-four years old, and held innumerable degrees of Vienna and other universities. His eyes were bent upon a manuscript. He was writing a book. He had been writing it for fifteen years. It was called *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Twentieth Century History*. The chapter on which he was now working was entitled "Awareness of Extinction."

"In the years immediately following the second World War," he had written, "men were dominated, indeed paralysed, by the idea of the imminent extinction of the human race. Deeply rooted in the subconscious death-wish of a disintegrating culture, it was expressed in the mind of the masses by an unnatural fear of the Atomic Bomb and other still more horrific instruments of warfare. . . ."

"Hi, professor!"

Spandrell-Paget, reddened with wine and staggering a little, intruded upon Stillwitz's thoughts. He saw Spandrell-Paget's mouth in his red face, opening and shutting. The other members of the club jostled into the library.

"Goot afternoon, gentlemen." Stillwitz polished his glasses vaguely. "A beautiful day, isn't it?"

"You can't end your life like this, professor!" Spandrell-Paget shouted. "Come and join us!"

The other members took up the chorus, *Come and join us, come and join us,* to the tune of "Clementine," raucous and rather hysterical. Parslake discreetly put a newspaper in front of Professor Stillwitz. The headlines howled: ANNIHILATION TODAY, SAY EXPERTS: PANIC SCENES IN LONDON.

Stillwitz smiled irritably: "My friends, people have been saying this for years. Myself, I never read the papers, but I can tell you that they are wrong. Even now, it need not happen."

The truth crept through their fuddled heads. The professor had not heard the cries of terror in the streets, nor the wail of the sirens nor the blaring Government loudspeaker vans.

The other members left him, a little shamefacedly.

When they had gone, Professor Stillwitz sighed with relief and turned back to his manuscript. Parslake, the waiter, his hand quivering with compassion, left a glass of wine at his elbow. He knew why Professor Stillwitz was one of the five happy men in London at this moment.

For Professor Stillwitz was stone deaf.

The crowd:

Afraid of being alone

The time drew nearer, and outside in the boiling streets dreadful things happened. As the end approached, men's

YOU ASKED for GOOD BOOKS, SO—

MANY an attractive prize offer for *Bullets* has been based on suggestions from readers. "Why not some really good books with the chief prizes?" was one idea put forward; see below how it has been introduced this week.

That £1,000 and "Three Wishes" prize to be offered next week is an encore sought by many "Bulleteers," whilst the novel offer of free trips to the Derby to follow it is another request item on the *Bullets* programme.

Are you leaving all the fun of making *Bullets*, the interest of suggesting new prizes, and the pleasure of winning them, for other readers to enjoy? Much better, surely, to join the circle of competitors—if you do so by posting your coupon below, you may soon be banking a useful cheque and choosing at your local book-shop the six new books you want most.

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1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated April 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

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Send in the label below and you will receive the March 27 issue of *Bullets Bulletin*, bringing you details of a fine one-week offer of Cash, Radios and Bicycles.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Engine-driver Cripps
Up Recovery Hill
Plenty For All
The Best People
Rocks Ahead
Nobody's Safe When
Budding Scientist
Calmly
What Mother Says
Law Of The Jungle
Youth And Beauty
A Masterpiece
Splitting Hairs
With Both Hands
To Raise The Wind
Doesn't Make Sense
In The Refrigerator
Black As Night
Sonny's Started Work, So
Wanting The Earth

Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

Way We.....
..... Business
Simply.....
Anything But.....
Calls For A .....
Was It .....Or

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues **XWORD 572**

1. Usually comes before nine
3. It's often difficult to give such a man a wide berth on board ship
8. Occasionally a man's fanaticism may rightly be put down to his
10. Mention of some these may well conjure up picture of rolling waves
12. Can express satisfaction in unmistakable way
14. However eager to start, fishing smack may possibly be held up by
15. Average man is likely to burn if he's this

Down Clues

2. Groom gets a kick when entering this
4. Often need to be driven home
5. It's more economical to do this by steamer, if you're not in a hurry
6. Things aren't likely to run so smoothly in this of reorganization
7. Can refer to inequalities of surface of ground
9. Exhausting this can prove uneconomic proposition
11. After drought soil often appears this
13. A great many speculators make one

"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,616

FIRST PRIZE, £600: H. W. Collip, 17a Quarry Hill, Tonbridge, Kent: HOLE WE'RE IN IS FULL OF "SOCKS"!

SECOND PRIZE, £50: C. H. Lawdham, 22 Twyford Court, London, N.10: LIFE'S CAKE — AVAILABLE FOR *You* "*Bees.*"

THIRD PRIZE, £25: Miss M. Hodgson, Marylands, Grosvenor Road, Louth, Lincs: FOR ALL OUR TENACITY — OUR "STICKY WICKET" CALLS.

OTHER AWARDS: £20: Mrs. M. Groves, 13 Burtons Hill, Kintbury, Newbury, Berks: THE NEW LOOK—WE "SCARECROWS" GIVING *Garden*. £15: Miss M. J. L. Lyons, 3 Grenville Place, S.W.7: FOR ALL OUR SAYING—"NEVER AGAIN!" NERVOUS AGAIN. £10: L. Russell, 210 Percy Road, Whitton, Twickenham: MOANING AND GROANING—ABOUT RATIONS—DEMANDING BASIC!

★ ***Look out for next week's giant First Prize—£1,000 Cash and three wishes!***

£9: A. French, 8 Woodlands, Hexham, Northumberland: MISGUIDED MAN—SEES LIFE AS "*Hole.*" £8: T. Telford, 40 Kingscote Road, Croydon, Surrey: GLAD TO HEAR—VOLGA SONG ON THAMES. £7: Mrs. L. A. Rice, "Bekonscot," East Street, Tollesbury: "IT CAN'T BE TRUE!" — MUTTERED *Triplets*, EYEING *Father*! £6. F. Archer, 30 Castle Street, Tutbury, Staffs: AT AUNTIE'S SEANCE — *Warm* HAND TOUCHED CURATE'S!

FIVE prizes of £3, 12 of £2, 24 of 30s., 50 of 20s. and 1,000 of 2s. 6d. have also been posted.

3 BIG CHEQUES WON

XWORD 568

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Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 35 entrants.

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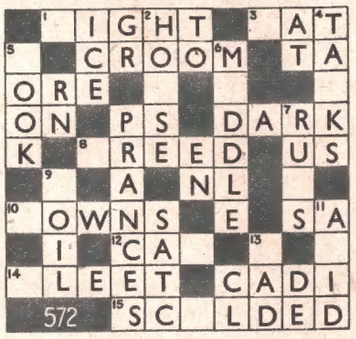

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 27.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

I know of at least one Fascist who is already writing out his list

HOW TO FOIL THE EXTREMISTS

I BELIEVE IT WAS DOWN in the U.S. Deep South that they first thought of sterilizing their local Communists—their idea being that Communists were born rather than made, and that if you prevented Communists from having children you would sooner or later kill off Communism.

When I first heard about it, it made me laugh. Since then I've thought that maybe the idea isn't so silly, after all.

Not, of course, that I agree with the sterilization part of it. But I do think there's something in the notion that many of us are born with a strong tendency toward certain political ideas.

As W. S. Gilbert put it in the much simpler days of Victorian politics:

I often think it's comical
How Nature always does contrive
That every boy and every gal,
That's born into the world alive,
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative.

I've never given this notion much conscious thought until lately. But when I go to a mixed political discussion group I notice that by looking at the faces of the people present I can often guess beforehand very nearly what each one is going to say.

And this is not because I'm telepathic but simply because, after years of attending political meetings, I've learned to recognize almost instinctively certain psychological types and to expect from each type his or her characteristic political approach.

Of course, it isn't *only* a man's character that decides his politics. His financial position and general surroundings are bound to make a difference. And there's usually a certain amount of logical thinking behind the weirdest political belief. But character is usually at the root of it.

In this country, I don't think there's nearly as much wilful deceit or pretence about political convictions as some cynics imagine.

You can usually count on the sincerity of the rank and file member of any party, and particularly on the sincerity of the individual Communist or Fascist. Both parties are still so far from any prospect of power that neither has yet attracted many political careerists.

The Fascist groups, I think, attract chiefly the type of person that the old fire-and-brimstone religious sects used to attract—the ill-adjusted and ill-favoured, the physically and mentally warped, the shockingly unlucky.

Fascism Offers Revenge

The old narrow religious sect offered such a person the opportunity of being one of the chosen few—one of the *very* few—who would one day stand upon the golden steps of Heaven and gaze down upon the wicked (everyone, that is, who had ever ridiculed or thwarted him) suffering excruciating agonies in hell fire.

Fascism offers its disciples that same pleasure right here on earth.

I know of at least one Fascist who is already writing out his list. He's unhappy at home; unhappy at work; no one seems able to like him. "But when we get into power . . ." he says; and his eyes shine and down goes another name on his list.

Fascism appeals to the thwarted animal in a man. Communism appeals to the thwarted intellect. That's probably why Communism attracts so strongly the cultured Negro and the finer type of Jew—in each case the keen intellects of a thwarted race. Nearly all my Jewish friends are Communists. So is my one Negro friend.

Intellectually, they can argue me to a standstill. Emotionally, I know they're wrong—wrong because they've devoted themselves to the service of a political system and forgotten the needs of the human beings whom that system was originally designed to serve.

The Communist's Dilemma

That's the tragedy of the Communist. He starts out full of ideals for increasing human happiness; finds, as he thinks, the perfect plan for human happiness in the Communist system; and falls so deeply in love with his system that he determines everyone shall have it whether they want it or not—even if he has to "liquidate" half the human race before he can hope to start dishing out any happiness.

Sooner or later, this awful truth usually dawns on the Communist. Then he finds himself in a painful dilemma. Must he give up his Communist ideals in order to run his Communist system? Or shall he give up his Communist system in order to keep his Communist ideals?

It's at this point that many a British Communist resigns from the party. But the ice-cold intellectual, fascinated by his system, keeps on keeping on—no matter what political contortions he has to perform.

Half-hearted Democrats

The great weakness of the democratic parties is that they attract so many of the half-hearted types—the comfortable, take-it-easy, don't-overdo-it types. Especially when the party's in power.

Both the Fascists and the Communists, of course, are pinning their hopes to the fact that neither the Labour Party nor the Conservatives can possibly keep the country going under present world conditions on a take-it-easy basis.

What's the moral of it all?

The moral for us democrats, it seems to me, is that we must devote ourselves so wholeheartedly to the service of our democratic system that, in terms of work and production, it becomes more efficient than either a Fascist or a Communist régime could be.

It's easier said than done, I know. But, if we want to keep our present freedoms, I think it's our only hope.

Answers to Quiz on Page 15

VOCABULARY. (1) Either hippopotamuses or hippopotami. (2) Not usually: it's rarely more than a haircut. (3) No. You could be arrested but not for riot, which takes at least three to make. (4) Welsh *Ap*; Gaelic *Mac*, *Mc* or *M'*.

FASCISM. (1) The Union for British Freedom. (2) Black, brown, black, green. (3) The *fasces*, a bundle of sticks with an axe, symbolized Ancient Roman authority. (4) 1922; 1933.

DOGS. (1) St. Bernards. (2) Welsh Corgi. (3) A dead lion. (4) Badger dog.

GEOGRAPHY. (1) Latitude. (2) More—about 1,200 miles. (3) South; Cancer in the north. (4) Rome.

Continued from page 21

minds gave way. Thousands crowded into Tube stations and disused air-raid shelters. Many ran amok, screaming, clawing, killing without purpose. Uninhibited at last, they yielded to the slightest or the basest impulse. Some, whose life rested upon old grudges, frustrations, hatreds, gloried in the opportunity for revenge, murdered their real or symbolical enemies only to have the satisfaction of surviving them by half an hour. Yet in Pentonville Prison a man due to be executed next day wept with relief. He was the fourth happy man.

Those who were not afraid to die did strange things. Some were wicked, and deserved death. Others had led fine, hard-working, unselfish lives, and did not. Yet they all did the same sort of thing. First they knelt in the streets and prayed, until they felt a little better, or until they realized dully that it was too late. Then they were really afraid, afraid of being alone. The more people there were, the greater was their fear; and now a new impulse seized them.

Futilely they milled around the telephone booths trying to ring up somebody. An aged parent, a wife, a lover, a distant cousin, a forgotten friend. They wanted to tell people that they loved them. Failing that, each wanted to pick on any human creature in the street, it scarcely mattered whom, and embrace him.

Daft Jamie:

Better than a circus

But there was yet one other who was not afraid, the fifth happy creature, and that was Daft Jamie. Daft Jamie had come up to London to see the waxworks. He was quite alone, with only fivepence in his pocket, but he knew he was going to see the waxworks.

His mother had run out of the house crying just after lunch. He hadn't known why, but it didn't matter: he had forgotten it now. He'd decided to go by himself after all. It was simple: you just got on the bus, any bus, and it took you there. You didn't have to ask where the waxworks were, you would just see them all over the place.

Daft Jamie wandered through the panic-stricken crowds in Oxford Street and Holborn, giggling with delight. It was fine, fine. He hadn't known that waxworks moved and did such funny things. It was better than a circus. He shambled along, laughing his head off.

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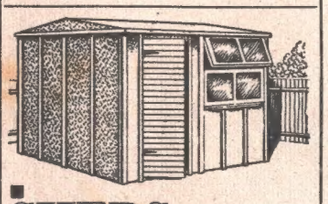

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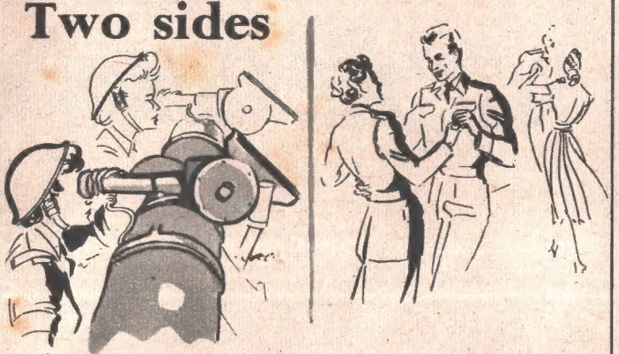

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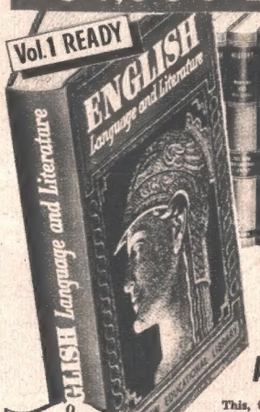

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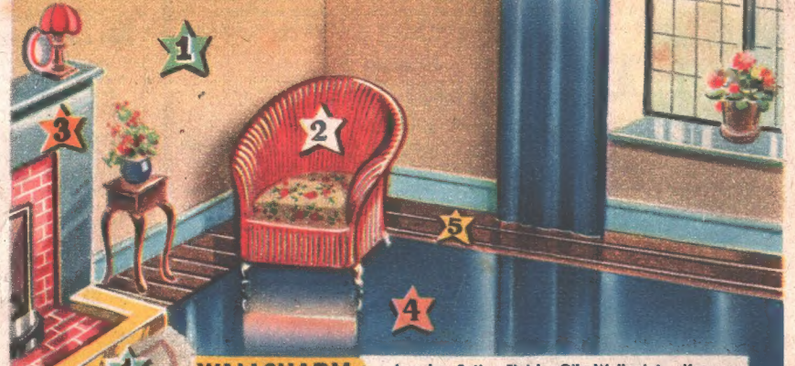
OXYDOL now has an amazing new ingredient. That's why it gives nearly twice the lather. See how much faster, richer and longer-lasting this wonderful lather is too! No wonder this exciting new Super Oxydol gives you nearly twice the wash and gets your whites whiter without bleaching. Remember!—this completely *different* lather *contains no bleach of any kind*—yet it eases out every last speck of dirt. Gentleness itself, new Super Oxydol makes your clothes last wash after wash, keeps coloureds bright, too!

NEW SUPER OXYDOL

Gives more lather...does more washing!

"Oh, what a lovely home!"

"Yes, I used the 5 Ways to Home Beauty"



1 WALLCHARM — Lovely Satin Finish Oil Wallpaint. Keeps beautiful as all marks wash off. Dries quickly. Curtains back same day.

2 JAPLAC — The Gay Lacquer. Makes chairs, tables, bedsteads, etc., sparkle with colour.

3 EVENGLO — High Gloss Paint. The reliable finish for indoors and out. Dries hard, wears well.

4 LIQUID LINO — Floor Paint. Paint your shabby lino a lovely colour. Make it look and wear like new.

5 DARKALINE — The new improved high gloss stain. Dries quickly.

"My Floor's like a Mirror!"

DARKALINE

HIGH STAIN GLOSS

CALVERT/48

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